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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Cyprus Dilemma

THE British government's dilemma over the constitutional future of Cyprus becomes increasingly acute, and the condition can in part be attributed to the government's own curious behaviour.

Kite-flying through the medium of "inspired" stories appearing in national newspapers can be quite a successful technique for sounding out public feeling on domestic affairs, but it is a risky procedure when applied to overseas problems which involve several interested parties. Thus is "leaking" the alleged plan for giving Cyprus self-determination within ten to 15 years' time, the British government aroused an immediate hostile reaction in Turkey, whose government in turn "leaked" a counter constitutional plan for the island.

The extraordinary situation thus created has been to have the world presented with two "official" plans for the future of Cyprus, neither of which has been officially disclosed through normal diplomatic channels, and which are so far apart in conception as to make them unacceptable to any of the parties concerned.

The mystery of the British "plan" has been further complicated by the revelation (not officially denied) that Governor Sir John Harding took it back with him to Cyprus to negotiate. But with whom has not been explained. There has been no indication that since Archbishop Makarios was banished the Greek Cypriots have found for themselves another spokesman to negotiate the constitutional future of Cyprus.

Now comes news from "informed sources" that the government has decided to abandon its "plan," partly in deference to Turkish protests, partly to stifle vociferous objections raised by 50 Conservative backbenchers in the Commons. Generally speaking, Sir Anthony Eden and his colleagues have no reason to feel proud of this venture in international kite-flying.

As for the merits of the so-called plan, they are open to criticism. For the Cypriot Greeks, self-determination is merely a synonym for union with Greece, and union with Greece merely means Cyprus changing from being a British colony to a Greek colony. The British government must figure out something better than this.

Soviet Satellites Growing Restless

SIGNS OF REVOLT IN HUNGARY AND THE UKRAINE

London, July 6.

The mushroom cloud of the de-Stalinisation campaign has spread out menacingly into Russia's satellite empire, causing unrest and rebellion of the mind behind the Iron Curtain.

Official and intelligence reports indicate clearly that the move has spread beyond Poland, to other East European nations in bondage.

In most East European nations under Soviet control signs of unrest have been troubling their Communist regimes for some weeks past.

But it was the open revolt of the Polish steel workers in Poznan which raised the alarm.

The Communist party leaders have begun to reveal growing anxiety over the ferment caused by the spirit of liberalisation. Satellite governments have in the past few days hastened to sound warnings against taking liberties with liberty—a first hint that the "thaw" may be allowed down, if not stopped.

Poland has so far gone farthest in its rebellion against the pressure from its Communist regime.

Some reports claim that unrest has even spread to the Soviet Ukraine where students and workers are understood to have demonstrated a few weeks ago.

GRIM BATTLE

Next to Poland ferment has been most noticeable in Hungary where a grim under-cover battle is raging at present against strong-man Matyas Rakosi, one of the few remaining Stalinist leaders.

Growing pressure of public opinion has forced the Communist party to rehabilitate Laszlo Rajk who was executed on trumped-up charges.

But resistance to the party has been on the increase.

Alarmed at the Poznan developments the Hungarian government issued a stern warning this week against "demagogues and enemies of the party" who are held responsible for recent unprecedented demonstrations of opposition.

Last Sunday the Budapest government in an official communiqué admitted that demonstrations several thousand strong were held last month, like in Poland, the initial rebellious moves have come from the intelligentsia.

At a meeting in Budapest on June 22, Marton Horvath, editor of Szabad Nep, the Central party organ, was loudly applauded for his demand that the application to Hungary of the 20th Soviet Party Congress policies must be decided in Hungary, not in Moscow or Belgrade.

The call resembled a similar outcry in Warsaw recently for independence of decision from Moscow.

REVOLUTION TALK

On Tuesday the party paper Szabad Nep complained that resistance to the party was increasing and that some circles even talked of a second revolution.

Tibor Dery, a well-known writer, went so far as to demand the abolition of censorship and a radical change of the country's policy.

The people's wrath is largely directed against the dictatorship of Rakosi who has been summoned to Moscow where he is understood to have been advised to "mend his ways" and to the anti-Stalin line.

Moreover, Rakosi is the chief target of the hatred of Yugoslavia's Marshal Tito for having played a leading role in Yugoslavia's expulsion from the Cominform in 1948. Tito today has the Kremlin's support and sympathy.

In neighbouring Czechoslovakia the edict of the Soviet party has also resulted in a number of internal troubles and growing vigilance of the party.

STUDENTS' DEMAND

Last month students asked for greater freedom of teaching. Their demand was rejected as "provocative" and as being "directed against our people's democratic system and the Communist party."

A large number of party members were reported moreover to have asked for the calling of an extraordinary party congress.

Moreover trouble has been reported from the Czech mining industry where workers are said to be opposing the stepping up of production targets.

It was the increase of production targets without adequate improvements in the living standard which contributed to the Poznan rising last week.

Little has been heard of Bulgaria or Albania where the "thaw" is apparently progressing at a very slow pace.

But according to reports reaching London demonstrations took place at the end of May in Kiev, in the Ukraine, on the 30th anniversary of the death of General Symon Petliura, leader of the Ukrainian independence movement.

The reports claimed that at one stage these demonstrations turned against Russia.

These developments indicate that the mushroom cloud of the

anti-Stalin move has spread out into the satellite empire.

The signs of unrest and rebellion are unmistakable; but Iron Curtain experts caution against over-hasty conclusions.

These experts say that while some of these developments are clearly directed against repression, some reflect inter-party strife.

Moreover, nearly everywhere the Communist regimes, alarmed at these first open indications of revolt of the mind, are beginning to clamp down on the "liberalisation."

The signs are that the "thaw" will be slowed down behind the Iron Curtain.—United Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5: The true story of Annie (Get Your Gun) Oakley, by C. D. T. Baker-Carr.

P. 6: The improbable marriage, by Christopher Dobson who writes on Arthur Miller and Mrs. Marilyn (Monroe) Miller.

P. 7: "Brave New World Revisited" by Aldous Huxley.

P. 8: Chapman Pincher revisits Harwell. In a revealing article he tells what he saw.

P. 13: Sir Beverley Baxter writes about a Canadian girl who captured all London recently.

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports round-up.

WIFE KILLER ACQUITTED

Lyons, July 6.

Spectators in a Lyons court applauded today when 34-year-old businessman, Louis Richard, was acquitted of killing his wife.

Richard admitted that he had shot his wife on January 6 when he caught her with her lover, Rene Dujardin, a family friend. Previously, Richard had refused to believe gossip concerning his wife's infidelity.

Dujardin, seriously wounded, spent five months in hospital, and now has a 25 per cent work disability.—France-Press.

Marilyn's Husband Given A Passport

Washington, July 6.

The State Department said today it had granted a "limited passport" to Mr. Arthur Miller, playwright husband of Marilyn Monroe to enable them to take a European honeymoon.

Miss Monroe is due to leave New York on July 13 for London to begin work on the film "The Sleeping Prince" with Sir Laurence Olivier.

The State Department spokesman said in response to inquiries that Mr. Miller's passport would be good for six months, as against two years for a normal one.

The 40-year-old playwright applied for a passport last May. Without one, Mr. Miller would have been unable to accompany Miss Monroe.

In testimony last month to the House of Representatives committee on un-American activities, Mr. Miller admitted he had made "errors" in associations but had never been under Communist Party discipline.—Reuter.

TROPICAL STORM 300 MILES AWAY

At 3 o'clock this morning the Royal Observatory reported that a tropical storm was centred within 60 miles of 15.5 deg N. and 118 deg E. and was moving northwest at 15 knots.

This places the storm between three and four hundred miles southeast of Hongkong.

No. 1 typhoon signal was hoisted at 10.10 a.m.

May Provide Ceylon Bases Answer

Singapore, July 7.

The Royal Air Force is working out a system on a tiny island in the Indian Ocean—a system which may enable it in effect to keep its bases in Ceylon.

The RAF flag has come down on Kar Nicobar, a dot on the map which happens to be the most strategic stop-over point between Singapore and Ceylon.

In its place the almost identical flag of the Indian Air Force has gone up.

But more than the flag remains almost identical.

The RAF will use the base on a business-as-usual basis but Indians will man it.

A spokesman for the Far East Command of the RAF said: "We hope Kar Nicobar will be a sort of dress rehearsal

RETURN TO FREEDOM



Father Thomas L. Phillips (left) and Father John Clifford wave from the gangway of the ss Hamburg after their arrival in Hongkong today.—Staff Photographer.

Freed Priests Arrive In Hongkong

Two American Jesuit priests, Father John William Clifford, 38, and Father Thomas Leonard Phillips, 51, arrived in Hongkong aboard the ss Hamburg this morning after having been imprisoned in China since June 15, 1953.

Father Phillips, who comes from Butte, Montana, went to China on September 21, 1950, and was the superior of the Shanghai Christ the King Church. He said that the first he knew of his arrest was when he woke up at about 11 p.m. on June 15, 1953 and found three Chinese policemen, with drawn revolvers, in his room. They ordered him to get up and he was taken to prison. Since his imprisonment on that night, he was on over 150 occasions interrogated.

Interrogation lasted more than two hours.

Father Clifford, from San Francisco, said that after his arrest he was subjected to bad treatment. That treatment only began to ease about two years ago.

Both fathers appeared happy and in good health as they alighted from the ship.

STRATOTANKER CRASHES

New York, July 6.

Six US Air Force men were presumed killed today when their KC-97 Stratotanker crashed in a wooded region of Labrador, some 40 miles from Goose Bay air base.

A spokesman at Lake Charles air base, in Louisiana, home base of the Stratotanker, said the plane caught fire after crashing.—France-Press.

Hongkong Competition Worrying South Africa

London, July 6.

Mr. Eric H. Louw, South African Minister of Finance and External Affairs, is to have official talks here next Wednesday on the situation facing the South African textile industry through the importation of cheap goods from Hongkong.

Mr. Louw will be accompanied by Dr. A. J. Nogval, chairman of the South African Board of Trade and Industries, in talks on the imports with Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the British Board of Trade.

"The trouble arises from the fact that Hongkong is a British territory," Mr. Louw said today. "Therefore we cannot employ protective tariffs as we have done against Japanese competition. We are bound by our trade agreement with Britain and we have to discuss the matter to see how we can overcome the difficulty."

"The goods imported from Hongkong are very cheaply produced and our textile industry is seriously affected by this form of competition," he added.

Mr. Louw, who has been attending the Commonwealth premiers' conference here, left by air today for talks in Brussels and Paris. He will return to London on Tuesday evening for the textile talks.—Reuter.

Steel Strike Goes On

Pittsburgh, July 6.

There was no sign today of a break in the six-day old nationwide steel strike, though both union and management have expressed willingness to resume negotiations for a new contract.

The strike has already cost nearly 2,000,000 tons of steel and thrown 50,000 men and women out of work in allied industries—apart from the 65,000 steel workers themselves.

Federal mediators separately interviewed union and management officials here yesterday, and Mr. Joseph P. Kamp, director of the Federal Mediation Service, said afterwards that he will get in touch with them again early next week.—Reuter.

HEAT MADNESS

Turin, July 6.

Seven persons went mad today in Turin as a result of the heat wave that has stricken Turin. Three of the persons threatened to kill their relatives and had to be rushed to mental hospitals.—France-Press.

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WENDELL COREY

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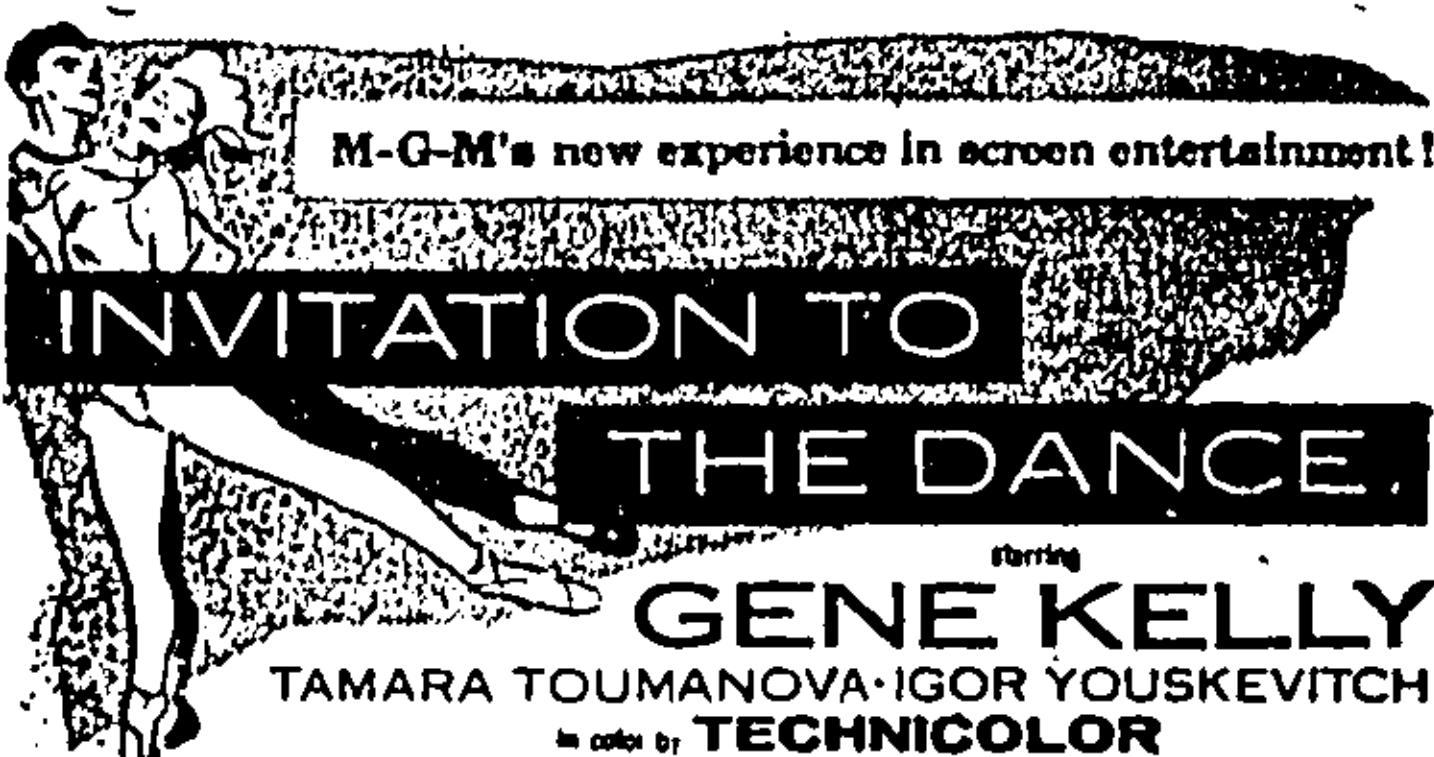
NEW YORK: 3 Stooges Comedy & Cartoons
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Bob Hope in
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EXTRA PERFORMANCE
At 11.45 a.m.
BROADWAY: At 11.30 a.m.

FILMS

Current & Coming
BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films In Pictures.



From left to right, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Jeanne Crain and Bing Crosby in a scene from "Anything Goes".

I am glad to see that "Invitation To The Dance" is carrying on for a second week-end. It was thought first of all that the absence of dialogue, coupled with the disincarnation of most Hong-kong cinemagoers to see anything that scratches beneath the superficial, would have kept the attendance down, forcing the management of the two theatres to cut the picture's run.

It's true that the Box Office receipts haven't been phenomenal, but that was hardly to be expected.

The picture following it into the Hoover and Liberty is a new Lucille Ball, Don Ameze comedy that I found funny in patches.

The plot isn't particularly clever, but it is put over with a slickness that does a lot to cover up the thin patches. The fact that dizzy Mrs. Arnaz and her boyish looking husband are not in their first flush of youth has been treated with sympathy by the cameraman, too and the overall impression is that the return to the screen of two familiar and beloved American television characters has been so cushioned and cared for that while their performance will not lift them higher than the center of their TV popularity it will not offend, upset or scare any of their devoted fans.

James Mason enters into the intimate atmosphere of the picture by playing himself and glancing often towards the camera as though to include the cinema audience in the story which deals skittishly with hallucination.

Lucy, as Lucille Ball is known to thousands of American television owners, and husband Desi have what looks like a perfect marriage—the only trouble with it is that the fun has worn off, their personal idiosyncrasies have begun to detach themselves from the cosy background of the first few years of wedded bliss, she is bored and not interested in his job and he begins to hate

Perfect Marriage

James Mason enters into the intimate atmosphere of the picture by playing himself and glancing often towards the camera as though to include the cinema audience in the story which deals skittishly with hallucination.

New Films

A At Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Invitation To The Dance": Three ballets with dancing by Gene Kelly, Tamara Tomanova, Igor Youkevitch. KING'S and PRINCESS: "Anything Goes": Musical, Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Jeanne Crain, Mitzi Gaynor. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Killer is Loose": Vengeance from an escaped criminal, Wendell Corey, Joseph Cotten, Rhonda Fleming. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Safari": Adventure in Mau Mau country, Victor Mature, Janet Leigh, Roland Culver, John Justin. ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit": A man and his two loves, Gregory Peck, Jennifer Jones, Marisa Pavan.

COMING

HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Forever Darling": Comedy, Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, James Mason. 19th to 25th July (inclusive), Seven M-G-M hits of recent years.

KING'S and PRINCESS: "Every Day's A Holiday": Light comedy, Silvana Mangano and Sophia Loren.

NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Cry Vengeance": Science fiction made in Japan, "The Lone Ranger": A western, Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Warring Wagon": Science fiction made in Japan, "The Lone Ranger": A western, Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels. ROXY and BROADWAY: "The Revolt of Mamie Slevin": Jane Russell's "girl" provides comfort for the troops in war time, Hawaii. With Richard Egan.

a nasty suspicion that he has married a nit-wit.

To the rescue comes Lucy's Guardian Angel whom only the can see. Many times it is on the tip of her tongue to tell her husband that her Guardian Angel looks like James Mason, but as the Angel says he will appear to her in whatever guise her inner self creates—what husband would want to be told that his wife is seeing a film star while she is gazing at him with stony eyes he thinks are meant for him alone?

However, he is a kind Guardian Angel at heart and gives weary wife a few tips on how to re-introduce pep into her marriage—which after many false starts romp home to win.

One of my favourite cynics, Louis Calhern, is Lucy's father and his dry delivery of some of his more punchy lines convulsed me. What a pity it is that we shouldn't be seeing any more of this lovable character. His recent death in Japan while working on "The Teahouse of the August Moon" was a real tragedy for the screen.

The Mau Mau

"Safari" is an East African western that has Mau Mau terrorists instead of Red Indians, a titled Big Game Hunter instead of the renegade white man and a paid safari leader in place of the traditional white-scout-who-talks-with redskins.

Thrown in with the usual disregard for her unsuitability in rough places—East or West—is a brassy little blonde who is constantly getting in everyone's way.

The start isn't bad—though I'm heartily tired of being sickened time after time in recent films by wanton cruelty, mental or physical, to children—and a plausible reason is given Victor Mature, as the safari leader, for his vicious detestation of the Mau Mau in general and one of their leaders in particular.

But if the burning of his house and the killing of his family is an adequate reason for his one man pursuit of the murderers, it's not Victor Mature who demonstrates it to us. His expressions are limited to straight glances from beneath his bushy eyebrows varied with a few wiggles of his wrinkled forehead and an occasional toothy smile. Granted Janet Leigh is a most infuriating dumb blonde with chorus girl accent, but she must have wanted several times to pick her up by the scruff of the neck and dump her among the Big Game she and her fiancé have paid him to flush for them, but this doesn't absolve him from the absence of interest in the picture he seems to evince from the moment they enter it.

Some Good Marks

The fiancé of the bouncy Miss Leigh, who takes the kind of wardrobe on a safari that would be more appropriate to a cruise on a luxury liner, is improbably Roland Culver. He is the best character in the picture although as the wealthy, titled English aristocrat he is meant to be, is impossibly overdrawn.

He and John Justin, as the bullied young hanger-on, at least pay lip service to the old fashioned idea that an actor should act. But, for the rest, even the allegedly ferocious lion looked as though he was rather bored with the whole thing and couldn't wait until he got back to his cosy cage at the zoo.

I must plead guilty to one place of personal juvenility however, I found myself absolutely loving the Mau Mau general who was being hunted and devouring the most florid

directing his own pictures in order to cut costs and satisfy an urge to give the orders. He has wisely chosen an action picture that requires less experience in the film producing field than does the type that depends for its interest on the interplay of characters.

A Meaty Film?

"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" is scheduled to run for two weeks, so I will put off a detailed criticism of it until next Saturday's column.

Briefly, it is about a young business man who, now that the war, in which he served so gallantly, is over, finds that he has developed a sort of peacetime fatigue. It could also be, of course, that he is a little older than he was in those comparatively carefree days.

Back in civilian life his vitality seems to have left him and his wife, Jennifer Jones, takes him to task for this. While musing on the gap that seems to be widening between them on his money troubles and on his inertia, his mind goes back to his wartime years in Italy.

He remembers with affection the little Italian girl, Marisa Pavan, whose undemanding love for him even surmounted the knowledge that she was to have his child and that he could not marry her.

Freddie March comes into the picture as a hard-headed politician who nevertheless has his own troubles and I see from the cast list that those two excellent character actors, Lee J. Cobb and Keenan Wynn also have parts.

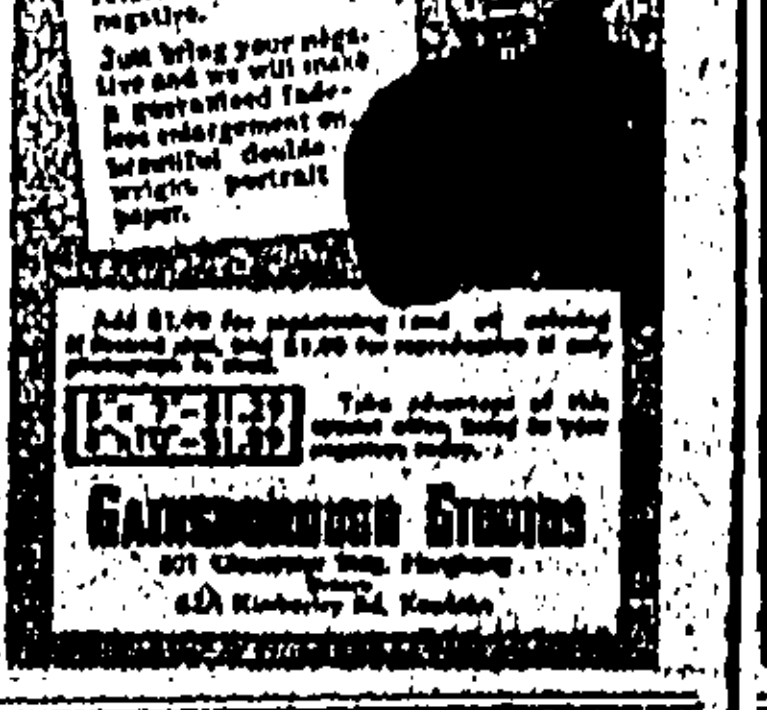
Action Picture

Recently we saw an embittered Alan Ladd being released from prison and going grimly to work to track down the gangster who had lost him his job in the Police force and got him five years in prison on a trumped-up charge of manslaughter. The subsequent man-hunt took place in San Francisco.

Now we have another film on the same lines, "Cry Vengeance" has Mark Stevens in the Alan Ladd role and his revenge has an even more bitter source than Ladd's. Not only has he been falsely imprisoned and forfeited his job as a detective, but enemies have also involved his wife and baby in a fatal accident and left him a badly scarred neurotic.

His search carries him further afield than his predecessor however. It's not until he has made the journey to the chilly north and prodded around for clues in Alaska that his cry for vengeance looks like being satisfied.

In case the troubles of the poor fellow begin to make audiences feel uncomfortable, Martha Hyer is thrown in to improve his lot. When he arrives in Alaska, there she is with a friendly smile with which to doctored him and remind him that sensual pain has a time limit.



Bing Again

Why is it that such a talented star and happy personality as Bing Crosby always gets stuck with such vacuous stories. Look at "White Christmas".

I went to "Anything Goes" with high hopes that the Old Groaner might have learned a lesson from that one—and I'm glad to say he hasn't.

It's a nice enough picture—Bing sings and clown with his usual friendly warmth, Mitzi Gaynor and Jeanne Crain dance with verve and precision and Donald O'Connor, though not quite as light on his feet as he used to be, is still tops among the tappers.

But outside of the dancing and the clowning there's nothing—and you can't hold an audience's attention for an hour or more with just those two unless there's another thing. The choreography, by the well-known arranger, Roland Pettit, is to say the least uninspired.

However, let's look at the picture itself. "Anything Goes" has Bing in it and I'd rather see him in a bad picture than many other stars in a good one. Then too it introduces Jeanne Crain to us, I think, the first time. Although, for me, she projects an unsympathetic personality and is too overbearing for comfort, she is definitely someone who cannot be ignored and she stalks through her part like a tigress. It is unnecessary to state that she is a very competent dancer.

A Thriller

"The Killer is Loose" is a fairly predictable thriller as far as the plot goes, what retrieves it is the clever direction by Budd Boetticher.

In scenes where conversation takes precedence over action, he sees that they do not become dull and static. There is always movement going on and unlike a stage production, small part players are encouraged to move about naturally and distract the attention fractionally from the main characters.

Watch for a scene in the Police Station where detective Joseph Cotten is interrogating some employees of a bank in which a robbery has just taken place. There are many realistic Boetticher touches here.

Rhonda Fleming is Joseph Cotten's wife in this picture and it is upon her that the bank robber's vengeance falls when his own wife is accidentally shot dead by the police. Following his conviction and sentence for the robbery, he is sent to prison, but escapes. From there on Rhonda Fleming is in danger—doubly so, for she is not allowed to be worried by her precarious position as she is expecting a baby and it is left that the worry might upset her.

However sympathetic one may be there is always a feeling of revulsion produced by the mentally abnormal and it is only possible to feel sorry for the killer, Wendell Corey, in an abstract way.

In spite of this his is the plum part, for Joseph Cotten is not allowed to be much more than a routine cop, while Rhonda Fleming is cosseted with all the attention due an expectant mother and has not much more to do than look suitably sweet and grateful for the care heaped upon her.

FANS.



KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY

BING CROSBY • DONALD O'CONNOR
JEANMAIRE • MITZI GAYNOR • PHIL HARRIS.

ANYTHING GOES

COLOR BY
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KING'S at 11.30 a.m.
Bob Hope • Virginia Mayo
in
"THE PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE"

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
Disney-RKO Present
"DONALD DUCK" &
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

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SAFARI
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QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY



SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS

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"I'LL CRY TOMORROW"
SUSAN HAYWARD
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
12.30
"STUDENT PRINCE"
M-G-M CinemaScope film

TO-MORROW Morning Show
"DIAL M FOR MURDER"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

FATHER TAKEN ILL —SO TEENAGERS RAN THE FAMILY BUSINESS

But Then Came The Credit Squeeze . . .

MOTHER OF DEAD GIRL SENDS PLEA TO EDEN



LONDON. A mother whose 14-year-old daughter died last month has made a dramatic appeal to the Prime Minister.

She begged in a personal letter for Government action to end the temptation for teenagers to steal from stores where goods are openly displayed. She wants legislation to compel stores to protect their wares.

The mother is Mrs. Jean Sheridan, 39, of Bertha Road, Great Birmingham. Her daughter, Lyanna (above) gassed herself at home.

Mrs. Sheridan believes her daughter would be alive now if she had not begun to pilfer from stores. In letters to Sir Anthony Eden, Sir Winston Churchill, and her M.P., she tells how "my lovely daughter gassed her little life away because she had been tempted to steal."

"Her mental stress must have been unbearable—she was first tempted by uncovered goods in the stores. We are taught 'Lead us not into temptation, but the stores do exactly this.'"

OH DEAR! AT ASCOT, TOO!

LONDON. Lady Docker, Britain's carefree and controversial millionaire's wife, set Royal Ascot in an uproar by signing autographs.

"Preposterous," said one top-hatted observer. "Ascot will never be the same again."

"Quite unprecedented," said one horrified official. "It has never happened before."

Lady Docker signed the autographs for 25 minutes. At one time Queen Elizabeth passed within 25 yards. Lady Docker kept right on signing "Norah Docker" on everything from raccoons to cigarette packets.

Duelists and debutantes, dressed in their finest clothes for a racing event that also is one of the season's top social gatherings, stared idly.

Lady Docker, who has played marbles with the working class, dug coat in a mine, and sent thousands of attractive pictures of herself to shareholders of the company that fired her husband last month, was unperturbed.

"It is bringing a little happiness, then—I don't care what people say," she said.

"It started with an autograph for one little girl and just snowballed into this big thing."

Her husband, Sir Bernard, signed a few autographs himself as a mob swirled around them. Some were wearing kippers.

Sir Bernard, who is fighting his dismissal as chairman of the multi-million dollar Birmingham Small Arms Company, said "I've done a lot of things at Ascot, but never signed autographs."

United Press.

LONDON. FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Robert Lambourne had just left school when his father fell ill. The family business faced a crisis.

But Robert and his 18-year-old sister, Molly,



look it over and they ran it for four years by themselves. Then came the credit squeeze and an £85 debt.

It brought them to Lambeth County Court. And when their success-to-failure story was told, the London firm that sued them for the debt said:

"I had heard it before we had taken a very different course."

And Judge Clither, who gave judgment with costs, called it a "very pathetic story and commendable effort."

Later came these out-of-court comments:

TROUBLE WITH THE HEAD PREFECTS WITH CREW-CUTS ARE DEMOTED

LONDON. Three prefects at Trinity County School, Wood Green, N., were demoted because headmaster Mr. A. H. Dalrymple, did not like their crew-cuts.

But the other boys boycotted the prefects and the prefects were reinstated.

Said a senior boy last week: "The head was furious when the three prefects appeared with crew-cut. I think they felt it would be more comfortable for the summer."

One of the demoted boys, 17-year-old Bernard Bower, of Lyndhurst Road, Wood Green, put his hand over his close-cropped black hair and said: "All the happened was that I lost my badge for two days. Now I am letting my hair grow again."

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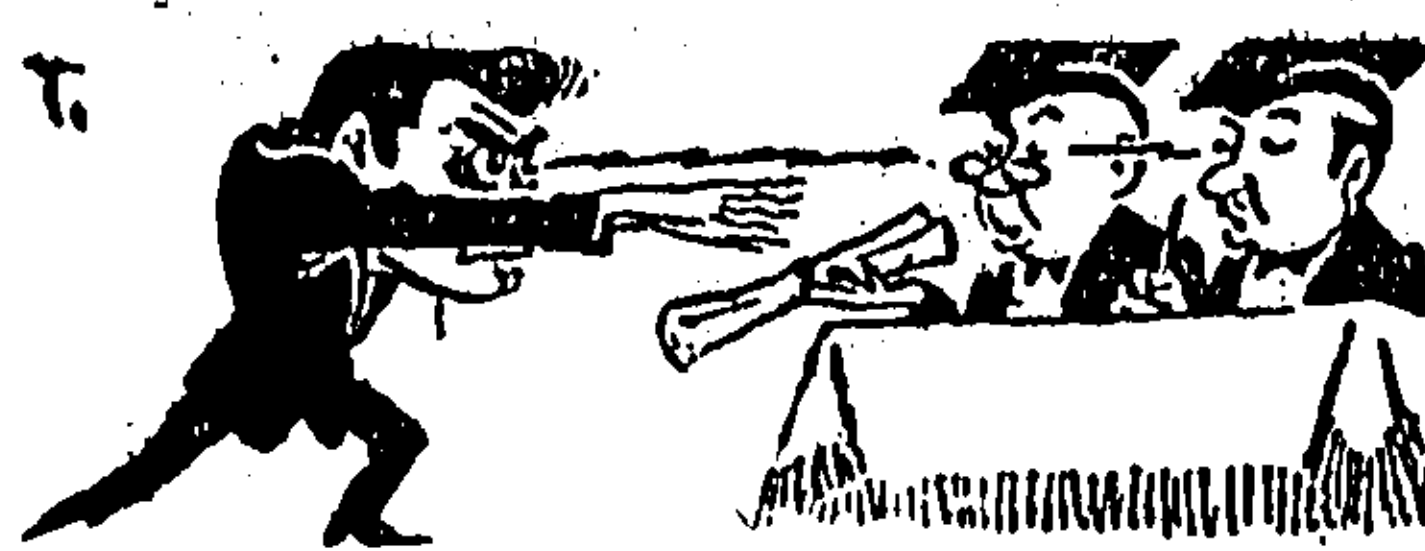
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United Press.



Eyes Had it: In Mexico City, celebrating his newly won Ph.D. degree from the University of Mexico, Jose-Marie Montez de Obregon had a few tequilas too many. He had hypnotized the two professors who examined him and the academic panel which discussed his thesis, was arrested and charged with obtaining his degree under false pretences.

DONALD DUCK GETS A NAVY PENSION

OTTAWA. Walt Disney's characters have been displaced as badges for ships of the Canadian Navy.

An article in The Crown's official Navy publication, announces that Donald Duck and friends have been supplanted by more artistic and flowery designs on the badges which grace the quarterdecks of RCN vessels.

The switch to the more "edgy" designs was ordered in 1945 by Naval Staff. They decided that some of the cartoon-like emblems were not in keeping with the dignity of Her Majesty's Canadian Service.

A Long Search

Initial designs for the new emblems were done by now retired Lt.-Comdr. Alan B. Beddoe, designer of the Book of Remembrance, which rests in the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill.

Commander Beddoe's job was to trace the history behind the name of each ship and then design an emblem incorporating the more outstanding facts. This involved long searching through sources of folklore and early Canadian writing.

The result: Today the cruiser Ontario carries an emblem centred by a trillium, Ontario's provincial flower. Before 1945 one ship bore a picture of a large playing card with the Queen of Hearts, a stunning young creature, skirts askew and sitting in a puddle of water. The name of the ship—HMCS Wetaskiwin. Puns were the order of the day then.

The wearing of badges on two sides of ships is a navy custom dating back more than 500 years. Early kings had no navies of their own, but instead hired a number of Knights' merchant ships to fight their battles.

To enable a man to distinguish his allies from his enemies, each ship and its crew carried the family crest of its knight.

Seamen Paint

When the king gained a navy of his own, his ships flew the Royal emblem. As rule by monarchy faded, the problem of ship badges was somewhat forgotten. Seamen were left to design their ships' emblems themselves and little restriction was put on their imagination.

Until World War II Canada had only a few ships big enough to rate badges. The war changed the situation, however, and as the Navy had made no arrangements for a

professional designer to make the emblems, Canada's seamen took brush in hand and produced some rather amusing, if not dignified, results.

It was at this point that Naval Staff and Commander Beddoe took over.



The individual ships still have some say in their heraldry, however. Notices still are chosen by the individual captains, usually in reference to the badge or name (or both) of the ship.

'Good As Gold'

Examples of these are "Checkmate," the motto of HMS Tactician whose badge is a chessboard, and "Good as Gold" in accordance with the pound sterling emblem of HMS Stirling.

What does the Navy itself think of the Beddoe-designed badges? The Crown's puts it this way: "Artistically they are smart, heraldically they are correct and they have a meaning, background and tradition of which every man in the Service can well be proud."

Two Cadets In Rag Are Sacked

LONDON. Two officer cadets who took part in the "knives and forks" rag at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, have been expelled.

They are Senior Under Officer Peter Williams, of Great Shelford, Cambridge, and Senior Cadet William Stevens, of Vectis Road, Alverstoke, Gosport.

A War Office spokesman said: "They are being returned to their depots because of unsatisfactory conduct during the inquiry into the rag."

"There is no question of their being punished because of the rag itself."

In the view of the Academy Commandant (Major-General R. G. S. Hobbs), they will not make trustworthy and loyal officers because of their behaviour at the inquiry."

In the rag at the end of last month 1,000 pieces of cutlery were removed from the dining-rooms as a protest against Army food.

The cutlery was dumped on an island in one of Sandhurst's lakes. It was recovered later by an anonymous letter to academy officers.

Williams, 21, was educated at Eton.

Sweet Tooth For False Teeth

LONDON. The Derbyshire health executive the other day agreed to pay half the costs of replacing a miner's set of false teeth broken by hungry coal pit pony.

The miner testified the pony had a sweet tooth and got his false teeth out of a lunch tin which also contained candies. The miner took his teeth out while working to protect them, he said.—United Press.

NO TIE AT SCHOOL, SENT OUT 4 TIMES

GRIMSBY. Keith Blakey, 14, son of a Grimsby postman, went to school last week in an open-necked shirt.

For the fourth time in a week the head, Mr. Stanley Hill, sent him home—for not wearing a tie.

Later the governors met at the school to discuss Keith's case. They stated: "The governors have complete confidence in the headmaster and approve of the action he has been compelled to take."

Keith's parents, of Beverley Crescent, refused to send him to school in a tie because they don't like "being dictated to."

They wrote to Mr. Cyril Osborne, Tory M.P. for Louth. But they learned that their protest letter has been passed to Mr. Kenneth Younger, Socialist M.P. for Grimsby.

NECKLINES TOO

Mr. Younger's election agent, Alderman W.J. Melson, is chairman of the governors at Keith's school—Cyril Lane secondary modern.

His comment: "It's a breach of discipline and I hope the parents will see reason. But I don't attempt to sway Mr. Younger."

He added: "The general appearance at the school has gone down recently. The youngsters mainly responsible are those due to leave."

"Some girls are turning up in dresses with plunging necklines. And some wear jeans."

SO SHE CUTS UP A PIER

HARWICH. Mrs. Vera Davis, a London beauty specialist, revealed that she had bought a wooden pier here and was busily sawing it up into little pieces.

"The pier is my biggest deal so far," she said.

She has worked on the job 17 hours a day sawing up the pier.

Why? It will make two and a quarter million bundles of firewood Mrs. Davis hopes to sell to the Essex County Council.—United Press.

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"WHO DONE IT?"

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TOUGH LUCK FOR MOTHS

Sydney.

Australian Government scientists report a promising attack on housewives' enemy, the clothes moth.

At the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation Wool Textile Laboratory they've discovered a way of moth-proofing woolen fabrics immediately after dyeing.

In clothes-moth damage, moths lay eggs on the fabric. Grubs hatch from the eggs and feast on wool, which they've learnt to digest.

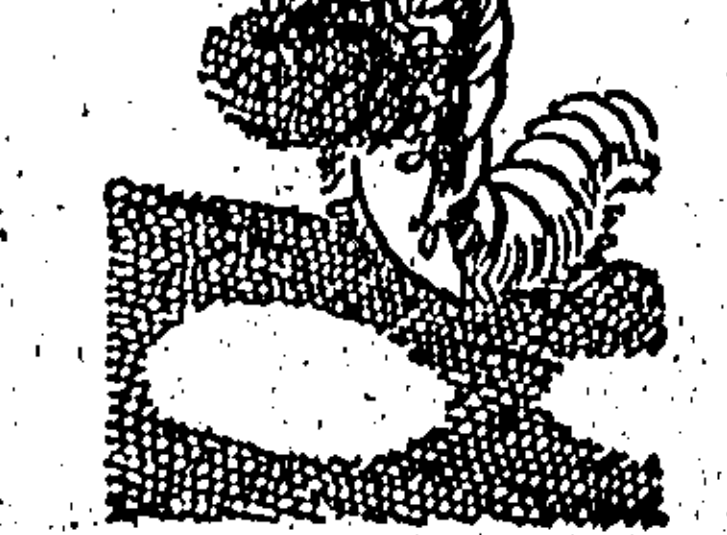
Moth balls are effective, but malodorous.

Ideal moth-grub killer is a cheap, odorless, colorless insecticide, which added to wool fabric in or after the dye-bath, stays in the fabric permanently, and is not removable by laundry washing or by clothes-cleaners' treatment.

For the past quarter-century scientists have been seeking this ideal.

At present there are effective moth-killers of this type on the market, but they're expensive and must be added in amounts up to at least one per cent of the weight of wool treated.

C.S.I.R.O. wool chemists now find tiny amounts of dieldrin are effective.



Dieldrin is one of the new insecticides, used where insects have developed resistance to D.D.T. or hexachlor.

C.S.I.R.O. men find that given a preliminary bath of very weak dieldrin solution, worsted goods stay mothproof in spite of one and a half hours' repeated hot soap washings, followed by soaking in "dry cleaner" for an hour (fresh solution added every quarter-hour).

Since gammexane (hexachlorbenzene), D.D.T., silico-fluorides, and other well-known insecticides cannot pass this test, C.S.I.R.O. men hope dieldrin's the perfect answer to mothproofers' prayers.

But it will have to make 100 per cent kill from the start, or the moth-grubs may learn to resist.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



AUSTRALIAN Test cricketer Keith Miller is all dressed up in de rigueur rigout for the Royal Ascot race meeting. His pretty companion is Miss Beverley Prowse, a former Australian beauty queen. (Express)



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN and her consort, the Duke of Edinburgh, riding in the Royal landau, drawn by greys with outriders, on arrival at Ascot. They were watched by a large and fashionable crowd. The Queen's four-year-old colt, Alexander, won the Royal Hunt Cup on the second day. (Express)



EIGHT smiling Russian girls line up for their picture after arriving in London from Leningrad. They are members of a 200-strong Red Army party now in Britain to perform regional dances and sing songs from all parts of Russia for an eight-week season. (Express)



ITALY'S well-stacked Gina Lollobrigida (left) seen with Britain's Sir Laurence Olivier at the London premiere of her new film, "Trapeze." She plays opposite America's Burt Lancaster, and Tony Curtis is also in the film. The two play circus high-wire artists in love with Gina. She speaks English in the picture. (Express)



GOING my way, baby? Gallant chap with the upraised straw hat is actor Tyrone Power. Object of his attentions is Peggy Cummins. They are two of the stars of a London charity show being put on this month. (Express)



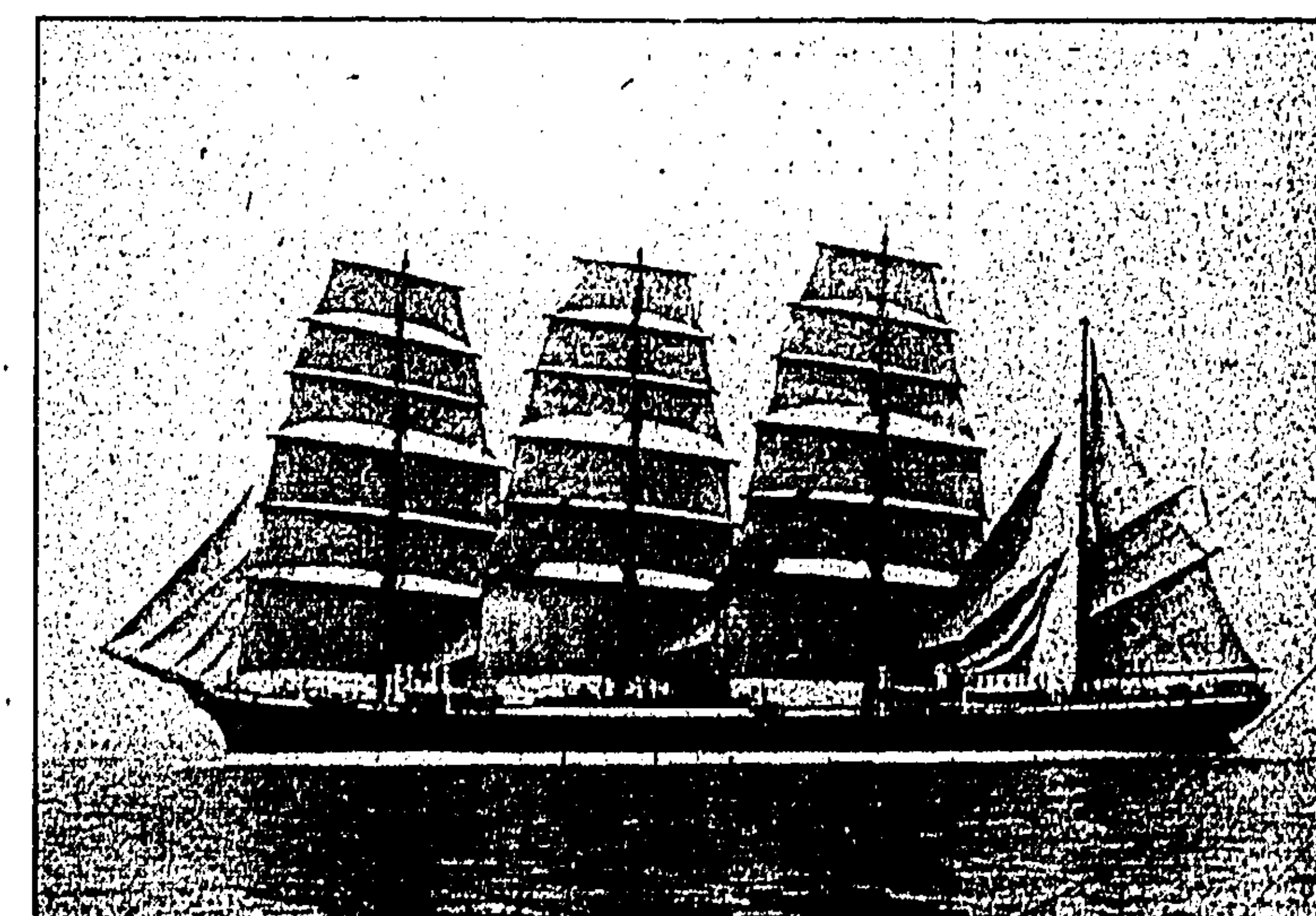
SIR Winston Churchill concentrates mightily as he prepares to throw a dart at a fete given by the West Sussex Conservative Club in aid of Sir Winston's constituency of Woodford. The dart missed, as did the other two he is holding in his hand. However, earlier in the day his horse, Le Pretendant, won the Churchill Stakes at Ascot. (Express)



BELOW: The VC who was late for the biggest parade of all. It was the Tuesday of the Queen's parade celebrating the centenary of the Empire's highest award for valour. The latecomer in the cloth cap, escorted by a Guardsman, hastens to his place in the line-up in Hyde Park. If you've ever been late on parade, you can imagine how he felt in this never before, perhaps never again, assembly of heroes. (Express)



A police guard was provided for Mrs Rita Comer, wife of bookie Jack Comer, ("Jack Spot") after he was arrested in London accused of wounding another gangster in Mayfair. She was said to have received threatening letters. Mrs Comer returning home from the police court hearing with her guard. (Express)

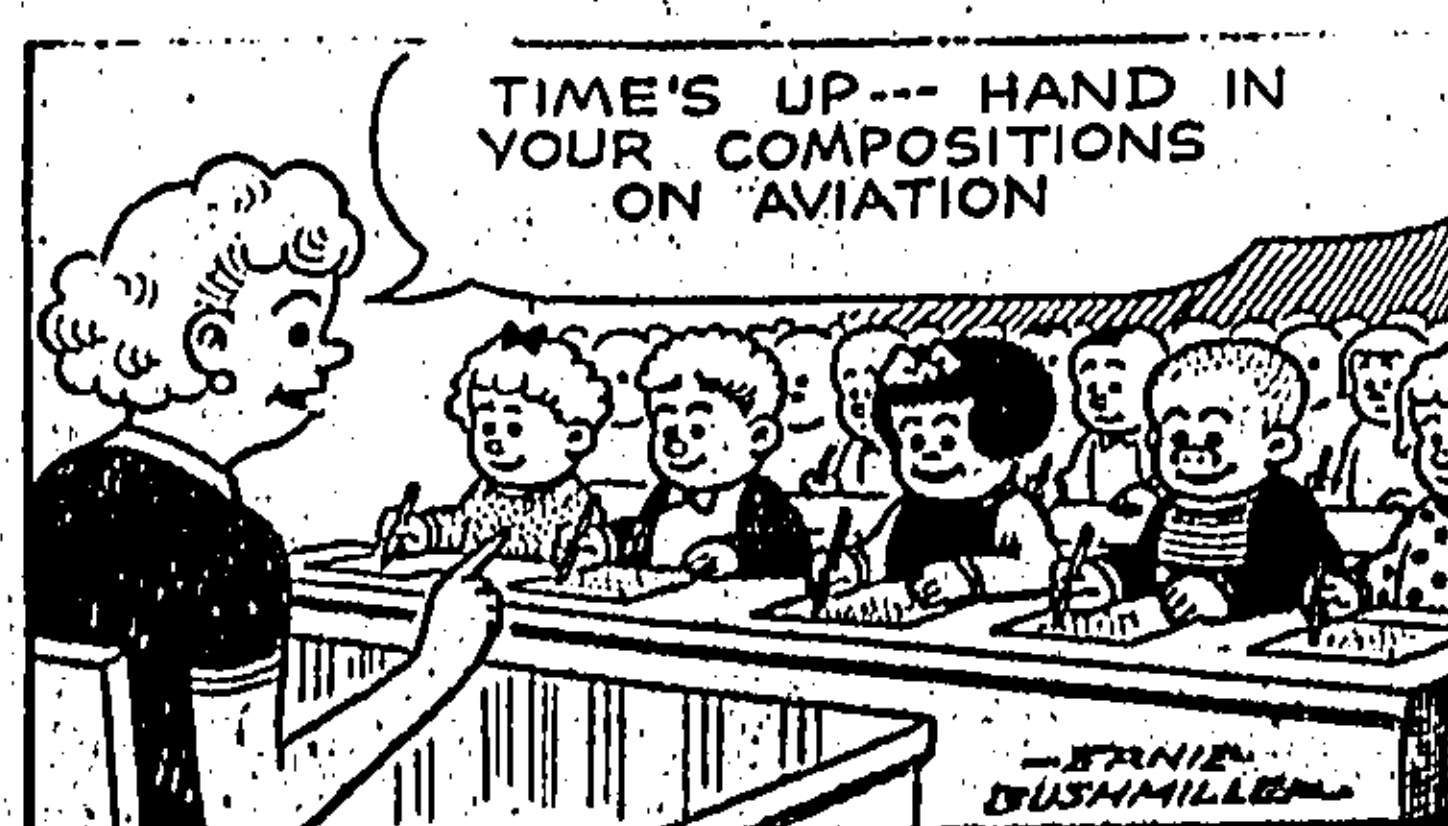


THE Pamir, one of the entrants in this month's sailing race between Torbay, in England, and Lisbon, Portugal. The Pamir is one of the few remaining ships of its type in the world. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES





"If Harry Truman's your buddy—WHY can't you get us all tickets for his lunch with the Lord Mayor?"

One of the world's strangest stories . . . the truth about Annie ("Get Your Gun") Oakley, who never missed a shot and had the crowned heads of Europe worshipping at her feet . . . an amazing girl

ONE grey November day Kaiser Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany, stood resplendent in his uniform a few paces away from his retinue of staff officers inside a high-walled garden. Slowly he lit a cigarette in a stubby holder and then stood quite still with his hands behind his back.

Twenty-five yards away to his right a slip of a girl was aligning the sights of her rifle. Nobody even dared to breathe. Then a rifle shot shattered the awed silence, and the cigarette was halved—a shaggy stub in the holder and the lighted end spinning away into the distance. The Kaiser smiled and pocketed his ornate holder, to become a treasured memento.

A little more than 25 years later, in 1917, the girl who pulled that trigger sat down and wrote a letter to Wilhelm II saying how sorry she was that she had been so accurate—and could she have another shot, just one more?

Early Days

THE Kaiser read the note, but this time he did not smile. He knew—like millions of others—that Annie Oakley never missed.

The uncanny marksmanship of Annie Oakley, or "Little Sure Shot," is likely never to be equalled or even challenged by man or woman.

LITTLE SURE SHOT

By C. D. T. Baker-Carr

Today her name is revered by all who love the blue of tool barrels, the "feel" of a well-balanced weapon, the smell of burnt powder.

Annie Oakley was born Anne Moses on August 13, 1866, in a tiny farmhouse in Darke County, Ohio. When she was four her father died from exposure in a December blizzard. Annie's earliest days were hard, the family were poor, frugal, strait-laced.

At the age of six, she brought in her first kill, a brace of quail she had snared with bent wire. From then on she spent most of her days filling the family larder, and at 11 she yielded to temptation and took down from above the fireplace her father's ancient cap-and-ball rifle.

Annie Moses, as she preferred to call herself, found that she was a natural with a firearm. Her bag of game increased so much that after a very short time she was taking the surplus to market in nearby Greenville,

eight miles from Cincinnati. By the time she was 15 little Annie had shot off the mortgage on their farmstead. In addition she had bought herself a new rifle and a new shotgun. Already her marksmanship was exciting comment.

A Challenge

ON a rare visit to a Cincinnati shooting-stall this undersized girl flattened a complete row of fast moving metal ducks. The manager knew a good shot when he saw one. Together they went up to the Bevis Hotel where a professional marksman, Frank E. Butler, was staying. It was Butler's practice to challenge anyone to outshoot him wherever he gave a show. Annie accepted the challenge.

Butler was astonished. Could this girl really dare to wager 50 dollars of her own money, as well as 100 from her sponsor of America?

He called "Pull" and a clay target soared upwards. Frank Butler fired and the referee cried "Dead." One after the other the targets disintegrated in the air as Butler and Annie fired alternately. With the score at 24 they were still level. Butler fired for the last time and missed. Annie paused, shouted "Pull," fired and won the match.

A year later Annie Oakley (she took the name from a Cincinnati suburb) became Mrs. Frank E. Butler. She was just 17, short, dark-haired and pretty. She could neither read nor write.

From then she became part of Frank Butler's shooting act, holding his targets and generally assisting him. But in time it was Annie Oakley the crowds came to see, often not noticing a tall, smiling man in the background—her husband, the ex-champion.

Buffalo Bill

IT was in April, 1885, that Mr. and Mrs. Butler took the road to Louisville where Buffalo Bill was due to give one of his famed Wild West Shows. Besides the empty tents of the Indians and the silent showground they set up the gun table and began to practise. Frank threw two glass balls in the air, two rapid shots followed and the balls had gone.

He had a clay target in his hand while Annie, 25 yards away, held a rifle over her shoulder, taking aim in the polished blade of a knife. A crack and the disc turned to powder. After a few moments Nate Salisbury, Buffalo Bill's partner, stepped from behind his hidden vantage point. Reassured that she could perform, her feet on horseback as well, he hired her on the spot. The show was due to begin in less than three hours.

Before very long Annie Oakley had become the star performer of the Wild West

show, the main draw and the most convincing artist of them all.

Annie's new life followed a definite pattern of one-day shows, living in tents among Red Indians, Mexicans and long, lanky cowboys. Now she found time to catch up on her education. The Bible, especially the New Testament, became her favourite reading matter.

A few months later that old warrior brave, Chief Sitting Bull, joined Buffalo Bill's outfit. In a silence punctuated by a series of unintelligible grunts he watched Annie gallop across the arena, snatch a revolver from the ground and hit each of three targets swinging on the end of a rope held by another flying rider.

Annie Oakley returned to her tent to find Sitting Bull waiting patiently, repeating the words "Wantanyeya Ciscia" over to himself in wonderment. It meant "Little Sure Shot." Only a few days later Sitting Bull adopted her as his daughter. She was the only white woman in that huge cosmopolitan show.

To London

FLAME was hers. Soon she was playing to audiences in New York, and Mark Twain was so impressed by her astonishing accuracy that he went the next night as well. It was Twain who suggested that Buffalo Bill should take the Wild West to London. . . . and April, 1887, saw cowboys and Indians pitching their tents in Earl's Court.

Long before the show opened distinguished visitors began to call. Prime Minister Gladstone talked with Buffalo Bill, while Mrs. Gladstone chatted to Annie Oakley.

Another caller was the fun-loving Prince of Wales, later to become Edward VII. On May 6 he arrived with Princess Alexandra and their children for an impromptu Command Performance. When it was over and the children's eyes had stopped popping out of their royal heads, the star performers were presented.

When it was Annie's turn she stepped past the Prince of Wales's outstretched hand and, with a dazzling smile, shook hands with Princess Alexandra. To the girl from the New World old-world courtesy still applied. "Ladies First!" London was shocked but the Prince was delighted.

Just three days after the show opened to the public on May 9 a message arrived from Queen Victoria herself commanding a special performance. The Queen



But the gun trunk was closed and Annie had taken up embroidery. It looked as though her trigger-happy days were over. Then, in 1915, Frank took charge of the skeet range at the Carolina Hotel in Pinehurst while Annie gave exhibitions and shooting lessons.

In her old age her aim seemed to become deadlier still. As a joke she would dribble a golf ball across a green into the hole—by firing a small-bore pistol at it.

Having written her challenging note to the Kaiser when America joined the war Annie Oakley, Frank Butler and their dog Dave raised thousands of dollars for the Red Cross.

Last Days

WHEN in November 1922 fate struck again, Annie Oakley was travelling in overland into a ditch. Hip and ankle were fractured and Annie was back in a wheel-chair; then it was crutches and finally a walking stick. But the steel brace remained.

In April 1926 they went home to Ohio and Darke County. Annie was bedridden. Old friends called and letters poured in by every post. She was not forgotten.

Frank Butler was failing too; a bent, white-haired old man of 76, he started south, seeking a warmer climate for the remainder of the winter. In Detroit he received the message he had been dreading. Annie Oakley died on November 3, 1926. She was 60. Just 20 days later her inseparable partner died too. They were buried side by side in a cemetery just outside Greenville Creek where, as a child Annie had sold her surplus game. Their lives had turned full circle.

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Know Your Hongkong?



This curiously constructed edifice is, as far as we know, the only 'stupa' in Hongkong. Can you tell where it is? (Answer on Page 20)

A watch that stays waterproof 660 feet under water!

ROLEX have produced a new watch for sea-going activities called the Submariner. Particularly designed for deep-sea divers, this special Oyster wristwatch is guaranteed waterproof and pressureproof to 660 ft. (200 metres) under water. Incorporated in the Submariner is the revolutionary "Time-Recorder" revolving rim, which enables the watch to be used as a stop-watch. It is invaluable for navigation, speed testing etc., and indispensable to divers, who can now tell at a glance how long they have been under water and how long they may safely stay there.



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THE IMPROBABLE MARRIAGE.....

Begin it today... the story in detail

HOW THE Highbrow Dramatist WOOD AND WON THE WORLD'S MOST DESIRABLE GIRL....

THE long, lean, handsome man picked his way across the cluttered studio. He chatted with the producer, the director, waved to some friends, watched a scene being played.

When the scene ended he was introduced to one of the players. She was a well-built girl with full lips and long blonde hair. "Hello," he said. "Hello," said she.

They chatted about the film for a few moments then he moved on, just another V.I.P. visiting a film set.

And that was Marilyn Monroe's first meeting with Arthur Miller. It was in

This series cabled from New York by

CHRISTOPHER DOBSON

1951 when he was already an established playwright with "Death of a Salesman," a roaring success, and she was a starlet making her first real impact on Hollywood in the film "Asphalt Jungle."

Well, they met and there was no spark. They went their ways.

Miller returned to his wife and two children, his intellectual friends in New York and the intensity of his work.

Monroe rushed headlong to fame and riches and marriage to Joe DiMaggio, the Denis Compton of baseball.

This was her second marriage, the first being a dismal affair before she was 16.

With DiMaggio it was different. She was 27, eagerly preening her new found fame. Joe had lived with fame for a long time. But that marriage failed too.

They had nothing to say to one another — he is a

silent man. They spent their evenings staring at television.

Marilyn divorced DiMaggio and married Arthur Miller at the same time. She decided she wanted to be an actress, that she wanted to acquire some "culture."

She came north to New York in this quest of culture. She was introduced to a life of comfort and talk, wonderful talk about ideas and words and plays and politics.

COURTING

HERE she was allowed to use her brain and be treated like an intelligent being, not as just a bosomy beauty with a wiggle in her walk. Some of the words were long and she had never heard of some of the people her new friends seemed to regard so highly. But she learned.

She met people who fascinated her and were fascinated by her. There was Elia Kazan, the director, Lee Strasberg, director of the actors' studio, and there was Miller himself.

No one now seems quite sure where and when their second meeting took place.

One thing is certain. The meeting seemed as unimportant as their first.

Gradually they began to see more and more of each other.

The unlikely attraction of these complete opposites

grew stronger and stronger. What they finally decided, one of them told me, was "that they are both completely unsophisticated. Despite their constant contact with the sophisticated world they have both remained wide-eyed and unspoiled."

Arthur looks at life with an idealist's eyes and Marilyn is naively curious about everything.

Of course, there is some mutual flattery too. She is flattered that this intelligent, thinking man should be interested in her. And he is flattered that this woman of beauty, famous in her own right, should be interested in him.

Quite a change from television with DiMaggio.

They courted one another quietly — Miller was still married — and it was not until early this year that rumours about them began to creep into the American newspapers.

Spring came and everyone knew they were in love.

They could be seen holding hands in small East Side restaurants. The only time their courtship stepped out of character was when Miller took her to visit his parents, Mr and Mrs Isadore Miller, in Brooklyn, New York's East End.

Soon word went round "Marilyn Monroe is here, and the house was besieged. After that they took care not to appear in public together.

There were no extravagant presents. And they did not flaunt their love.

They visited friends, she listened spellbound to their talk and they listened to her wise cracks.

THE GIRL SHE WAS Marilyn at 18

★ THE WOMAN SHE IS 'Just a shy exhibitionist'



WHAT ARTHUR MILLER'S PLAYS SAY...

By JOHN BARBER

"WILLY was a salesman. And for a salesman there is no rock bottom to life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law, or give you medicine.

"He's a man 'way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start out smiling back — you're finished."

That speech is from "Death of a Salesman." It is the play I think of first when I think of Arthur Miller. I think of poor Willy Loman, the salesman who at 60 knows he is finished.

And I think I am right that play is central to his work. It was an astounding hit during its two-year New York run. (In London, with Paul Muni, it had only 204 performances. An astounding hit, because it questioned the American dream.

It told of a man who suddenly felt old and tired and disappointed, who suddenly could no go on slapping backs and cracking cracks.

Problems

NOT because he hadn't unloaded all the merchandise he sold had. But because he had suddenly found out that selling merchandise wasn't the whole of life.

He had failed his boss, yes. But also his sons. Also, his wife. Also, himself.

Now it takes courage in America to say money doesn't matter so much. The kind of courage that sent Miller into factory work when the play was earning him £1,250 a week — so as to keep in touch with ordinary people.

Willy is a typical Miller hero. He is Mr Suburban trapped in a modern problem. All Miller's heroes are like that. They are not just individuals with private problems.

They have political and social problems that millions share. The question his plays ask is: How are we to live?

"Time is money," he says. "There is a world to make, a civilisation to create." And he writes to expose wrongs which dishonour that world.

Sincerity

SO, you can see that Marilyn has taken on quite a guy. He writes against anti-Semitism in his novel "Focus." He writes against McCarthyism in his play "The Crucible" — put on at London's Royal Court Theatre.

He writes of the persecution of homosexuals in "A View From the Bridge," his latest play, in which a man accuses another (falsely) of perversion. The Lord Chamberlain has refused to license it for performance in Britain.

In all the causes he takes up, Miller is tremendously sincere, and in the theatre one of the most thrilling writers alive. He is one of the finest theatrical craftsmen alive. You clutch your seat every time. And you thank heaven (at least, I do) for his seriousness. In modern jargon, he is an "engaged" writer. He would say: he takes on the big issues. He may not always win. But you get a toe-to-toe battle.



THE DRAMATIST

LIFE WITH ALLEN

"ABOUT time you won that seventy-five thousand pounds," said Molly, a little snappishly. "The weeks are slipping by."

I looked up from filling in my football pools coupon, my expression one of quiet dignity.

"It's just a question of the selected teams playing to form..."

"Save the speech for the Black Lion," said my wife, tartly. "Your friends may be impressed by your knowledge of form — I'm not. So far, it's cost you seven-and-six a week for the last three seasons, and you've won one dividend of half-a-crown."

★ ★ ★

I admit I was a trifle piqued; one's nearest and dearest can be very hurtful at times. Many wives would be justified in taking the same attitude that mine was taking, but it so happens that I know quite a bit about the game, and it is just a run of bad luck and freak results that have prevented my cashing in this season.

"If you think you can do better..." I began.

"I couldn't do worse, and I don't pretend to know dressing-room secrets, or study form."

"Have a go," I said airily, throwing the evening paper forecasts over to her. "Start with one of the simpler columns. Pick ten winners. My usual plan is to pick four first division clubs, and two from each of the other sections."

"I shall use my own methods and initiative," replied Molly, tapping the butt of her fountain pen against her teeth in an impressive manner. I waited while she stared alternately at the ceiling and the paper. At the end of about five minutes, she frenziedly jotted down ten names on a scrap of paper, and passed her selection back to me.

"But you've picked all away teams," I objected.

"I've picked those I think will win," she answered, without batting an eyelid.

"But each one has a most difficult game," I went on, studying the names on the bit of paper. "You couldn't have picked ten more difficult matches for away teams. What makes you think the Wednesday will beat United?"

"Wednesday's my lucky day, according to my horoscope," she answered blandly. "A good day for investments. And I picked the Wolves because of that nice Alsatian dog next door but one; it always makes me think of Red Riding Hood. Isn't it wonderful to think of the darlings carrying benedictine to the monks lost in the snow — or is that another kind?"

It didn't seem worth pursuing the point.

"What about Middlesbrough?" I asked aggressively.

"Aunt Maud lives there; she's always willing to ask why you

don't visit her. No one in my family could be blamed for thinking my husband was in prison, or some kind of hermit; nobody ever sees you. And you've promised to take me to the Derby this year, so I've put them in — though I don't expect you'll take me when the time comes. We've been going to Ascot for years and never got there."

"And Everton?" I asked smoothly, doing my best to get away from a vexed subject.

"Just thinking of toffee. Since you've given up sweets, I never get any; and Bury, because it's such a delightfully depressing name."

★ ★ ★

"Grimsby?" I inquired court-cously, quite fascinated by feminine logic.

"We're having fish tomorrow. And I picked — what's their name — Scunthorpe, because I don't really believe there is such a place."

"That makes all the difference, of course," I said ironically. "As a matter of fact, I was stationed near there during the war."

"That's what I mean," Molly chuckled triumphantly. "You

were always stationed in queer places."

I looked at the list again.

"May I ask what womanly intuition suggested Crystal Palace?"

"I remember its being burned down," she answered simply, adding hastily, "I was a baby in arms at the time."

"You must have been a very heavy and backward baby. You were ten years old, at least!" I was becoming a bit soured. "And what beautiful memory made you select Torquay?"

Too late, I realised I'd put both feet right into it.

"Just that we spent our honeymoon there. My dear wife's name was frigid in the extreme, as she matched back her ten selections. 'I don't expect you to remember trifles like that, of course.'"

With a debarbar but plying smile I watched her fill up the "Friend's" coupon I gave her.

My attitude of amused resignation lasted for two days, to be rudely shattered by a perusal of

the Saturday evening paper. All ten of Molly's selections had won away from home! Even allowing for beginner's luck, the thing was staggering.

Pausing only to give myself first aid for shock from the brandy bottle in the sideboard, I staggered out to the kitchen, where Molly was washing up.

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"I suppose you remembered to post your pools coupon?" I croaked, with a weak smile.

"Oh, I didn't actually send it in," said Molly brightly. "I just wanted to see how many I could get right. It was just a practice attempt, really. Why? Did I do well?"

"Here's the paper," I said hoarsely. "Check the coupon for yourself."

"I can't do that," Molly waved the paper away. "I don't really understand these things."

I haven't told Molly how near she was to winning a fortune. I need all the brandy for myself.

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HONEYMOON

IT finally broke on June 21 when Miller was appearing before the Un-American Activities Committee which was delving into his political past in Washington. Yes, he told reporters, we will be married before July 13.

That is the day Marilyn sets out for England to make "The Sleeping Prince" with Sir Laurence Olivier.

He hopes to get a passport — held up because of his political activities — and travel to England on honeymoon.

So Marilyn Monroe, the waif who has grown to be filmland's queen of sex, is setting out on the third stage of her marital career.

The first stage could be labelled securely, the second (and the third?) Will it be labelled culture? Or Love?

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ON MONDAY: THE MAN HIMSELF

HOUSEWIFE'S CHOICE

—By—
Gerald Allen

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William Hickey

WHO are the monocled men of 1956? Opticians tell me that only a thousand or so monocles are now made each year; that half the wearers have one weak eye, half wear for effect.

I approached the dashing 34-year-old Major Julian du Parc Broham. You see him at fashionable gatherings.

He lights cigarettes in a gold holder with a gold lighter, and perches a rimless monocle in his left eye.

It has no visible means of support. Neither a "gallery" the gold wire circle that fits under the eyebrow — nor a cord.

He told me: "I have short sight in my left eye, of course, but girls always ask me to put the monocle away — it embarrasses them."

His worst monocle moments? He said: "I was having lunch with Lady Somebody-or-other at Sunbury. My monocle fell into the soup. Thick soup luckily — it didn't get broken."

"Once, I was dancing when it popped out and fell down the front of my partner's dress. She caught it. It felt odd."

How long does a monocle last him? "Two years," he said, "and nowadays I hardly ever drop it."

His wearer, Edward Herbert St. George Moss, First Secretary at the British Embassy.

Timothy, who told me the story at Cambridge's Trinity May Ball, got his bed for the night.

A PROTEST

THE Marchioness of Winchester, formerly Baby Pavy, daughter of Parsco high priest, has protested to Lord Howard de Walden, a steward of the Jockey Club, about the name of an Ascot winner.

The horse is named Zarathustra and is owned by Mr T.J.S. Gray.

Said the marchioness: "The horse is named after our prophet. It is blasphemous. Lord Howard de Walden promised me he would draw the attention of the owner to this fact."

Lady Winchester, who married the 83-year-old premier marquis of England four years ago, told me: "I am occupying my time these days being the premier marchioness of England."

"I never get bored with social life — I had to do it as a high priest's daughter just as much."

I asked the 52-year-old marchioness about her husband. She said: "He has never been in better health."

V.C. KEPT OUT

ONE man was turned away from the V.C. Centenary Exhibition opened by Sir

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



TALK ABOUT MAGIC! Have you seen Admiral AIR CONDITIONERS AND REFRIGERATORS

Cummings



IT'S A WOMAN

WHO KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS AT LORD'S

By ROMANY BAIN

"If you want to know anything about the history of cricket," said the museum attendant, "you'll have to ask the Curator. That's her office over there."

I tried not to look surprised, for "over there" was the H.Q. of the Marylebone Cricket Club, the pavilion at Lord's one of the men's most exclusive sporting clubs in the world, where enthusiasts patiently wait 30 years to become members.

Potted history

But there was Miss Diana Rait Kerr in that holy of holies, the Long Room, giving a potted history of the game to a Scotsman. Neatly suited in milk chocolate moiré, she looked

small and improbable standing beneath the famous oil of Dr Grace.

But when she started to speak Mr. Widen himself would have admired her delivery. She gave detailed description and date of each pitch-shaking event in the chronicle of bat and ball, confidently disposing of the curved ball, the two stump period, and the flammable men in a brisk couple of over.

"It took 30 years for them to accept over-arm bowling," she said, twirling her keys. "The debarth said it would be death to the game, but by 1864 they had accepted it. Like automation," she added.

Miss Rait Kerr did not know the difference between long and short slip until her father became the secretary of the MCC in 1934. During the war (when she drove an ambulance) various book collections were left to the club, and there was no one to look after them. "The library and I both happened by chance. The books were all lying about in the Pavilion, so my father asked me to come on a temporary basis for six months to see what was what."

There are now about 5,000 books in the reference library and even the novels must have a flavour of the wicket about them. They are perused by club members, students, and research workers, "but it's not usually the players who read the books; it's the cricket followers, and those who have never been very good at the game," says the librarian. I felt she had probably read them all herself.

Expert knowledge

She has been accepted into this male stronghold because of her expert knowledge, and her sex has been overlooked. But there is no need for the MCC to adopt an anti-feminist attitude, for some of the best ideas originated from us in the first place.

It was a Miss Christina Willes who, unable to bowl underarm in her crinoline, first inspired her brother John to copy her and try round-arm bowling on the field. "He was promptly no-balled, and was so furious he jumped on to his horse in the outfield and rode straight home," said Miss Rait Kerr delightedly.

The Ashes themselves, gladdened in solemn splendour in the Imperial Cricket Museum opposite the Pavilion, are another tribute to woman's ingenuity. They started off as a personal feminine joke played by some merry Melbourne belters in 1882. After the famous obituary notice had appeared in the Sporting Times for the death of English cricket, they presented the English captain on his next visit to Australia with an incinerated ball in muffled urn. (The ringmaster of these dramatic afterwards married the captain, Ivo Bligh, later Lord Darnley, and when widowed many years later she presented the urn to Lord's.)

Charming gallery

Up the marble stairs is a charming gallery of pictures. Top-hatted fieldsmen with crossed braces parade eternally stern first at square-leg, their faces long forgotten, and the stuffed sparrow intercepted in flight above the pitch perches for ever on the ball that slew him.

There is even the actual ball hit by the immortal Albert Trotter in 1899 right over the top of the pavilion into No. 6, Grove End Road—a splendid incentive for cricketing posterity.

Among these trophies hangs a record of another feminine feat. "Single wicket match between the Ladies of Rochester and the Ladies of Maidstone, Brown's Meadow, 1838," reads the caption, and 11 daring females in muslin and poke bonnets wait patiently for the ball.

Better followers

"Do you think ladies should receive the bowling now?" I asked her.

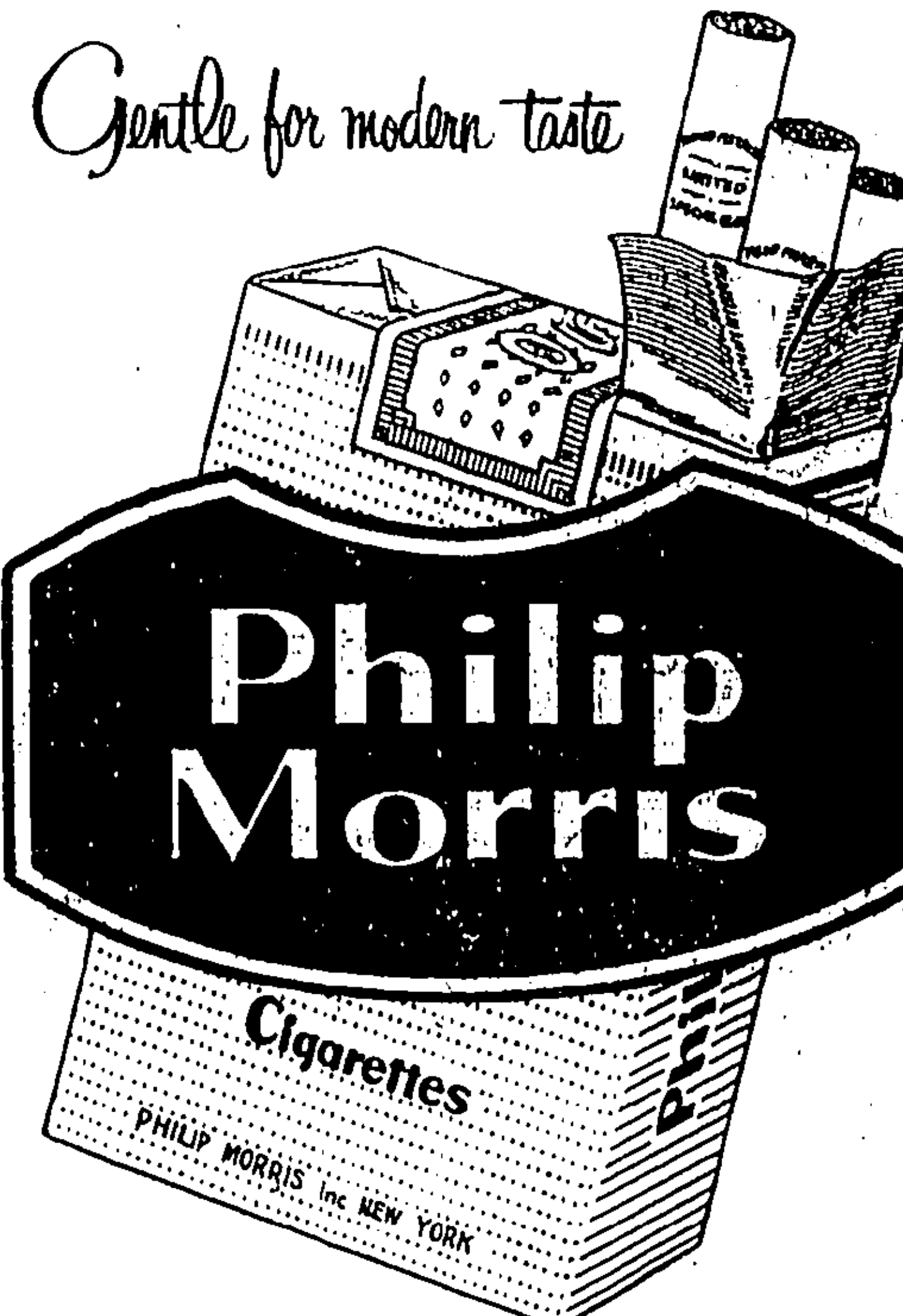
"As long as they don't try to compete with men," she said drily. "Though they make better followers than men when they are really keen."

Even Miss Rait Kerr does not watch all the matches herself. ("Unfortunately my office does not face the pitch,") but for important fixtures she finds herself an "inconspicuous nook."

For even if MCC etiquette forbids her to watch play from the pavilion, as a cricket historian she would hate to miss another shot over the top of it.

Next Saturday: The Coming Revolution of Human Nature.

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BRAVE NEW WORLD REVISITED

By Aldous Huxley

In 1932 Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" was the literary sensation of its day. In this, the first of three articles, Mr Huxley examines world population problems in the light of his earlier prophetic fantasy.

"BRAVE NEW WORLD" was a fantasy, but a fantasy about the future and therefore, by implication, a prophecy. How good was the prophecy? Twenty-five years later, the question begins to admit of an answer.

I will start with those aspects of what was then the future, about which the book was silent. The most conspicuous absence from "Brave New World" is any reference to A-bombs, H-bombs or nuclear power plants. It is an absence all the more inexcusable since the Bomb was already, in the early thirties, a subject of drawing-room conversation. At some distant date (so the popularisers of Einstein assured us), matter would be converted into energy. After which we might take our choice of three possibilities—the end of everything, or the Millennium, or, more prosaically, business as usual, only a little more so. For reasons which I now find it impossible to explain, I failed to provide my Utopia with atomic power.

Uninvited Guests

THE other great absence is any discussion of a less spectacular but actually much more important subject—population. I had some inkling in 1931 that a problem of population was in the making. Twenty-five years later, with 600 more millions of human beings already pressing upon the world's resources and another hundred and odd thousand uninvited guests sitting down, every single morning, to breakfast, it has manifestly become the problem. Compared with the menace of this explosive increase of population, all the other threats confronting us shrink into insignificance.

In "Brave New World" I postulated the existence of a society which had, in its own way, permanently solved the population problem. An optimal figure for world population had



A recent picture of the author.

been determined, and the supply of test-tube replacements was regulated so as to prevent any but the slightest departures from the norm. Such an optimal, stable population is a prime condition of any Utopia. For, where population is rapidly increasing, long-range planning is impossible. So far as we are concerned, a permanently favourable relationship between a stabilised population and carefully conserved resources is merely a dream, a pious hope, a far-away goal to be aimed at without much hope of getting there before it is too late.

By assuming that the goal had already been reached, I conveniently by-passed what promised to be the most congested and dangerous stretch in human history; I got out of the difficulties that confront us today and will confront our descendants for many years to come.

Planned Utopia

BY way of excuse, I can claim that I was not making a reasoned forecast of predictable trends; I was writing a fable about a totally planned Utopia and the means whereby it might be maintained as a going concern.

This fable, as I hope, to show later on, is not alto-

gether irrelevant. It speaks of our condition and of what is likely to be the condition of our descendants. But it failed to deal with certain aspects of contemporary life, which threaten to force themselves more and more painfully on the collective attention of mankind.

The Under-Nourished

IF I remember rightly, the numbers of the Brave New Worlders were held at a figure somewhere between 2,000 million and 3,000 million. According to the most recent figures issued by the United Nations Statistical Office, world population stands today at 2,785 million. In the light of what is known to have happened to world population between 1950 and 1954 previous estimates of the rate of increase have had to be revised upwards from 1.25 percent to 1.5 percent per annum. This means that human numbers are now increasing by a little over 40 million a year.

If the rate remains constant, this increase will itself increase according to the rules of compound interest. And if steps are taken to reduce the current mortality from contagious and insect-borne diseases, the annual rate of increase will exceed 1.5 percent and human numbers will be

doubled, not in fifty-five years, but in less than half a century.

Two-thirds of all men, women and children now alive are under-nourished. If their increasing numbers are to be maintained even at their present level of semi-starvation, there must be an increase of the world's production of food of 1.5 percent per annum. And if there is to be any perceptible improvement in the lot of the majority, there must be an annual increase of not less than 2.5 percent preferably of 3 percent or 3.5 percent. Except perhaps in those highly developed countries which need it least, there is no prospect of such an increase being achieved in the near future. Nor, if it were achieved, could it possibly be maintained, year in, year out, over a long period.

In Short Supply

INDUSTRIALISATION is the goal of all under-developed countries. Greater industrial production leads to greater food production. But we must not forget that the more completely the world industrialises, the sooner will its supplies of irreplaceable raw materials be exhausted. By the seventh century after Ford (the date of the events recorded in "Brave New World") the results of intensive and extensive industrialisation would certainly be making themselves felt. Petroleum and many metals would be in short supply, and much more labour than is now necessary would have to be spent on the task of providing power and raw material.

Meanwhile, how easy is it going to be to industrialise the under-developed areas of the planet? No retrospective answer was given in "Brave New World," and from where we stand at present the prospects seem confusing and dark.

Historical Accident

THE industrialisation of the West was the result, among other things, of historical accident, which can never, in the nature of things, be repeated. The exploitation of virgin lands in the Americas and Australasia provided enormous quantities of cheap food for Europe, which was thus enabled to take millions of peasants off the land and howl them into factories, where they could produce, among other things, the machines and chemicals which permitted a further increase of food production both at home and abroad.

Millions of African and Asiatic peasants can be herded into factories—but only if their place on the land is taken by machines. But the days of empty spaces and enormous food surpluses are over. How will the peasants be fed during the not inconsiderable time required for building the new factories and producing the machines which will, eventually, take the place of these expatriate peasants on the land? And who is going to provide the necessary capital? Capital is what is left over after primary needs are

satisfied. But in under-developed countries, most people's primary needs are never fully satisfied. Consequently nothing is left over.

In the highly industrialised West the amount of available capital is seventy times as great as in the under-developed countries. The capital locally available in Asia and Africa is wholly inadequate to the task of substantially increasing the food supply or industrialising on a large scale. And, as rising population presses more and more heavily upon resources, the amount of available capital will dwindle almost to the vanishing point.

Forced Labour

UNDER totalitarian regimes, forced labour will be increasingly used to make up for deficiencies in the supply of capital. Slaves take the place of savings and will be freely spent—in other words, worked to death. Two birds will thus be killed with one stone: new wealth will be created and old population pressures temporarily relieved.

Eighteen hundred million members of the human species are underfed, and in Asia alone between 100 million and 150 million families are living in urban or rural slums. Slum clearance requires vast capital expenditures; but, as we have seen, there is no capital and the population of Asia is increasing by about 20 million a year. We can look forward, during the next half-century at least, to deepening misery, and the social and political consequences of deepening misery.

If this misery is to be lessened and some at least of its most dangerous consequences avoided, the present efforts to increase agricultural and industrial production must be accompanied by a concerted effort to reduce the rate of population increase. Among the Brave New Worlders population was regulated by the central authority, and the practice of birth control by individuals had been turned into a quasi-instinctive behaviour pattern.

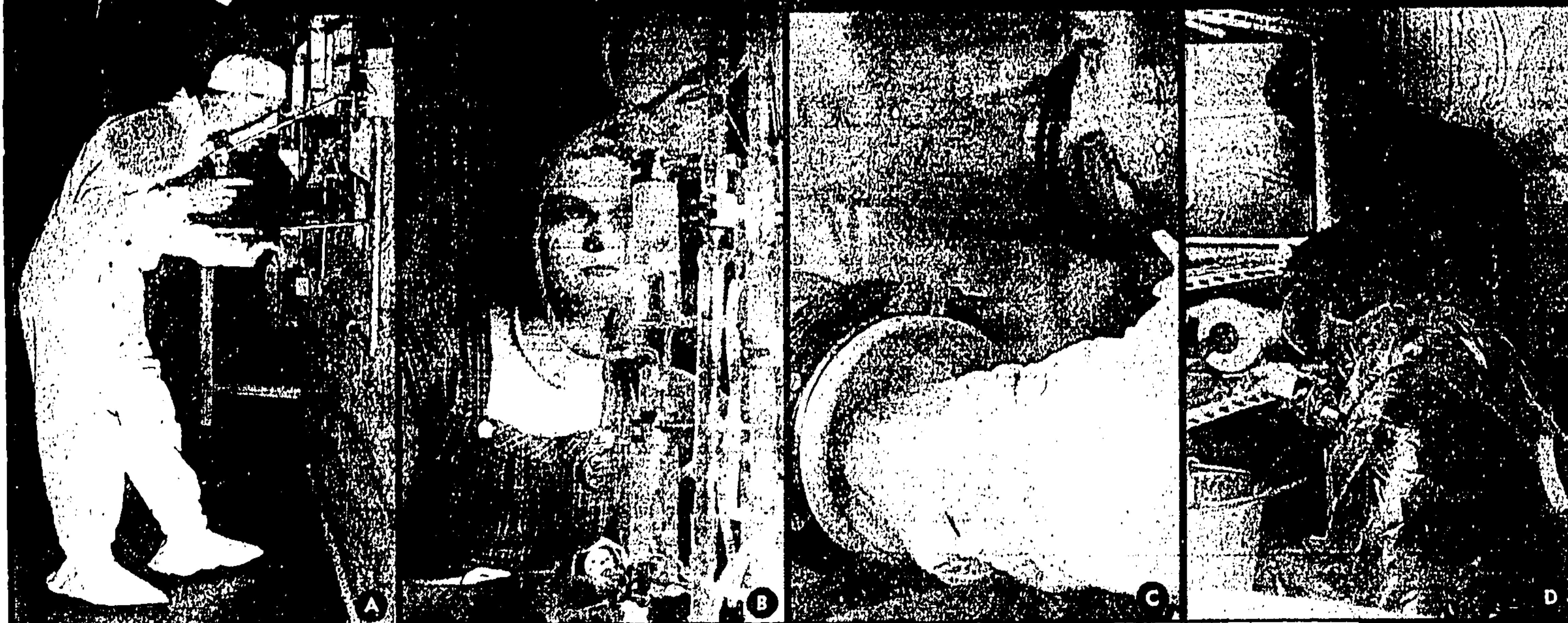
Population Policies

EUGENICS and complete control of population can be imposed only on a domesticated species by its domesticators. But man, as Sir Charles Darwin likes to point out, is a wild species and will tend, during the next million years of his sojourn on our planet, to behave as a wild species, living up to the limit of his food supply and having his numbers controlled by the good old rule, the simple plan devised by Mother Nature.

But even Sir Charles is ready to admit that, within the million-year life of the species, there may be periods during which man will briefly behave as a self-domesticated creature. That we may soon enter upon such a period seems probable. Within the next ten or twenty years, we may expect to see the formulation by the various national governments of an agreed population policy, and the development, by doctors, pharmacologists, sociologists and theologians, of appropriate methods—physiological, psychological, and chemical—for implementing that policy.

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TODAY INSIDE HARWELL, H.Q. OF ATOMIC POWER



CHAPMAN PINCHER GOES BACK FOR A LOOK AFTER TEN YEARS

This is his report:

THIS once-sleepy village of Harwell on the Berkshire Downs will go down in history as the place where more creative ideas were generated in the last 10 years than anywhere else on earth.

used in the power furnaces of the future. The thick wall of protective lead which shields these workers from the direct rays of the splitting atoms cost about £20,000.

The Harwell men believe they will be the first in the world to make this major step. In another still secret building near by Dr D. W. Fry are using a weird electrical machine, like a huge glass doughnut, to tap the limitless power of the H-bomb for homes and industry.

The rooms where the tractors, Fuchs and Pontonovs once worked are reminders that Harwell has seen grim times, but these war memories are swamped by the solid achievement.

Harwell, with a staff of 4,500 and bulging at the seams, has now reached the limit of its expansion. No more atomic furnaces will be built here. Radioactivity of the air has reached the permissible limit and the difficulty of disposing of any more radioactive waste is too great.

(A) A technician in protective overalls and shoe covers works with remote handling tongs through a thick wall of lead.

(B) Beauty inside Harwell? Certainly—here's 19-year-old research worker Pila Krene.

(C) Here the danger is not so great but care is needed, and no chances are taken. Working in a transparent glove box.

(D) In heavy rubber suits, craftsmen work on radioactive material. Air is piped to their helmets from outside the sealed workshop. They will be hosed down thoroughly before they take off the suits. And they have frequent medical checks.

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NO EATING

I say this with confidence after seeing almost all the secrets of this vast atom station revealed in full for the first time since it started up in 1946.

The astonishing maze of uranium furnaces, "hot" laboratories, atom-smashing machines, and robot plants, which the scientists have set up behind the security fence, explains the Government's confidence in staking hundreds of millions of pounds on their ideas.

For everything these men have set out to do has been achieved. The Americans and Russians may have done as much, but with far more men working in far more laboratories with far greater resources.

BEPO

HARWELL will be seen as the source of all the major ideas which made Britain a front-rank atom power and retained her industrial greatness.

In one long building, where men work in inflated "space suits," scientists devised the plant which provided atomic weapons.

Using the atom furnace called "Bepe," they designed the giant plant at Calder Hall, Cumberland, which will be the world's first full-scale atom power station.

In a new furnace called Zeus the scientists have found out how to "breed" atomic fuel. This is the nearest thing yet to perpetual motion—it means that the power stations of the future will create fuel as fast as they burn it.

Peering down into the temporarily beardless heart of Zeus, I learned that it contains about 500lb. of uranium 235—enough, used as explosive, to make 50 atom bombs.

But the safety precautions are so ingenious that if Zeus generates more than a trickle of heat, robots immediately make it powerless.

In one small corrugated iron building men in special protective clothing and huge overboots are using detectors and cameras to examine the super-strong uranium which will be electrically

For years many of them put up with life in a pre-fab shanty town working for modest wages and enduring security indignities involving their families and friends.

The routine of health checks with atom-ray detectors constantly reminds them of the danger under which they work—without any danger pay.

The average age of these men on whom Britain will depend for solving her economic difficulties is only about 30.

Many of them have persistently overworked for years without strikes or stoppages of any kind to relieve tight schedules on time.

TALENT

IN spite of repeated screenings and security drives they have never lost their sense of humor. (Remember how the pennant was whipped from Bulgaria and Khrushchev's car without the noses of the security guards when the Russians visited Harwell in April).

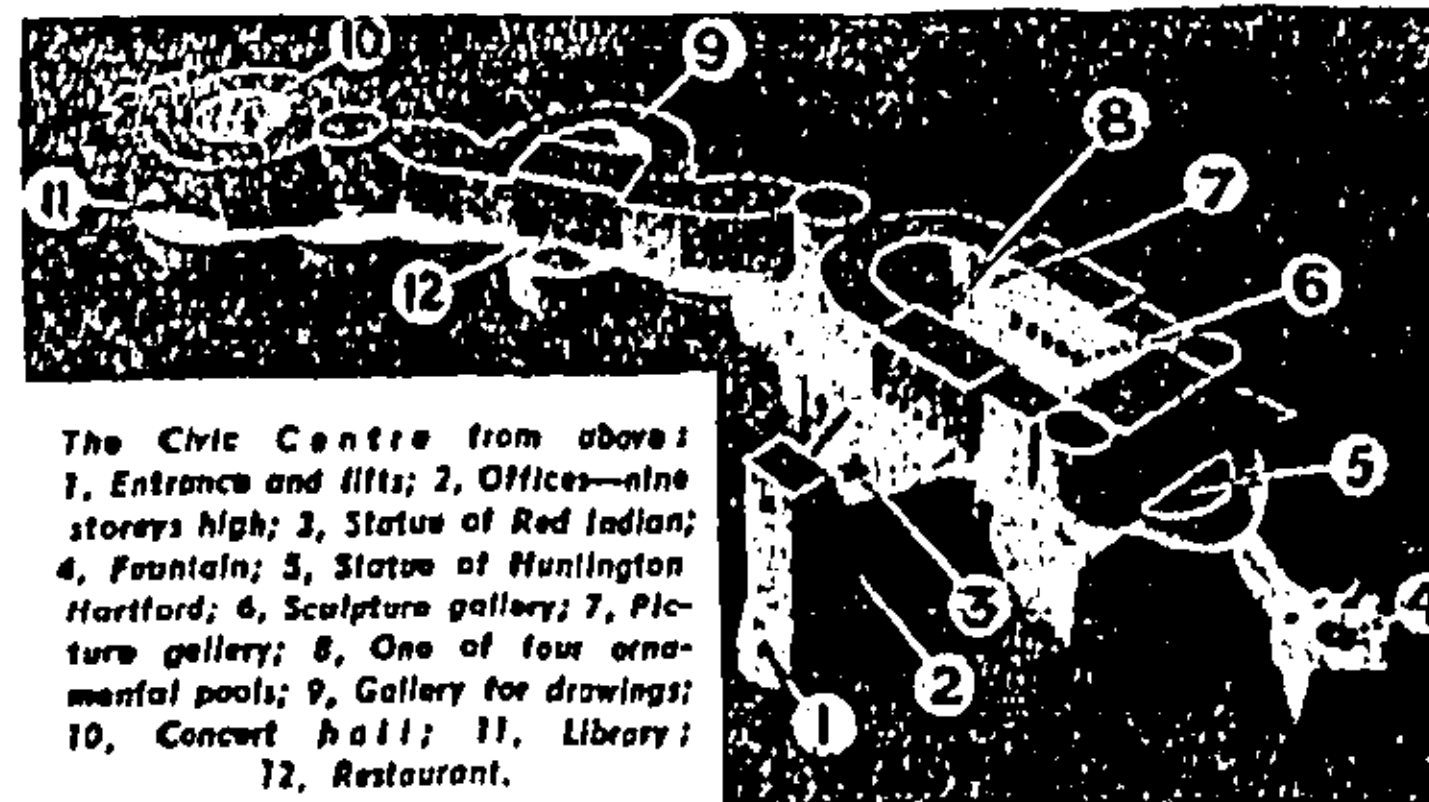
Though Harwell has yielded some of its finest brains to the firm now entering the atom industry, it still bulges with talent and buzzes with ideas.

In one laboratory a team led by Peter Fortescue is far advanced on a power project which was recently thought to be impossible.

In all the atom furnaces built so far the rods of uranium fuel have had to be encased in a protective metal can. If the can could be eliminated without losing the heat of the furnace, the rods could be run much hotter and would produce far cheaper electricity.

Miss de HENRIQUEZ DESIGNS HER DREAM CITY

by ANNA LANDAU



AN American visitor to Britain walked one day into the Knightsbridge home of Miss Flore de Henriquez, an Italian sculptress, and gave her a commission that, she says, "made my knees tremble and kept me awake for weeks."

The American was Mr Huntington Hartford, millionaire grandson of the founder of a chain of grocery stores. The commission was to design, in collaboration with an architect, a civic centre for Hollywood with a concert hall, library, and galleries for paintings and sculpture.

Miss de Henriquez and architect Claude Phillimore have been working on the project for the last year and a half. Now their model has reached America for the patron's approval.

Mr Hartford has also built a theatre in Hollywood. His wife is Marjorie Steel, the actress, whom London has seen in Sabrina Fair. He was previously married to Mary Elizabeth Epling, now the wife of Douglas Fairbanks, jr.

So far Miss de Henriquez has signed three contracts for each stage of the work, and made two trips to Hollywood ("where the churches look like butchers' shops, and the butchers' shops like churches") in order to see the setting—a 200-acre canyon in the heart of the film world.

Flore de Henriquez at work on a commission in her studio.

once the property of John McCormack, the singer.

How much will she receive? It seems no fee has been decided yet. "We did not even discuss it," Mr Hartford is a dreamer. I am also a dreamer.

With a voice that grips words as strongly as her hands do clay, with tight trousers and loose jerkin, black hair cropped to jagged arrows on her brow, Flore de Henriquez might well have been employed by Hollywood in a remake of St Joan.

But a new battle is starting, and the glass-roofed civic centre

will be military headquarters. From it Huntington Hartford plans to fight modern abstract art.

"Of course I agree with him—I loathe abstract art," says Miss de Henriquez as she strides between the pedestals on which stand half-sculpted heads in plastic hoods.

Flore de Henriquez was born 35 years ago in Trieste. At the age of 17 she saw someone working in clay. "I fell in love with it, and ran away from home to art school."

But what brought her to England seven years ago, when

she was already well established in Italy? With her explanation, her anger spurs.

The town of Salerno held a competition for a statue for the main square. The winner was Flore de Henriquez. "But others were jealous. I was a woman, I didn't belong to the place. Two weeks after the unveiling, my statue was blown up with dynamite."

"And that," says Miss de Henriquez in the indignant idiom of her adopted country, "was the last straw."

(COPYRIGHT)

A son for the man who escaped a massacre

—AND THE MOTHER IS MANON

TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD French film actress Cecile Aubry, who starred in Manon—has given birth to a baby boy. This follows the revelation recently of her secret marriage some time ago to Caid Ibrahim, the eldest son of El Glaoui, the late Pasha of Marrakesh.

Ms. Aubry's husband owes his life to a remarkable piece of political foresight on her part. She had got to know Morocco well while filming there, and had kept in touch with events, leading up to the restoration by the French of the Glaoui's enemy, the Sultan of Morocco.

As a result of her warning Ibrahim escaped one of the most barbaric massacres of modern times. This occurred on May 2 and 3 this year at Marrakesh, when 37 of the late Pasha's closest friends were slaughtered. Ibrahim left Marrakesh only a few days before the massacre.

Unlikely

Now it seems unlikely that Ibrahim will ever be able to return to Marrakesh to take up his title of "Guardian of the Atlas Mountains and Lord of the Caravans," which was his father's.

Nevertheless, Ibrahim has inherited a large part of one of the greatest personal fortunes in the world.

First trip

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN is in Paris on her first trip to Europe for seven years. She will be going to London to be re-united with her parents. At the moment she is acting as companion to an American business woman, who is on a European tour.

She looks almost maternally new and appears to be completely Americanised. She talks with an American accent, and her conversation is spattered with Americanisms.

"I am a complete New Yorker now," she told me, "and wouldn't live anywhere else. After all, it was New York which gave me my chance. When I realised that I would

have to work for a living it was New York which made it possible for me to do so. All the shopgirls and others with whom I worked were simply swell, when they might have made things difficult for me. And when you've lived in a city that long you learn to sort out your friends—the fair-weather ones from the real ones."



CECILE AUBRY Her warning saved the Pasha's son.

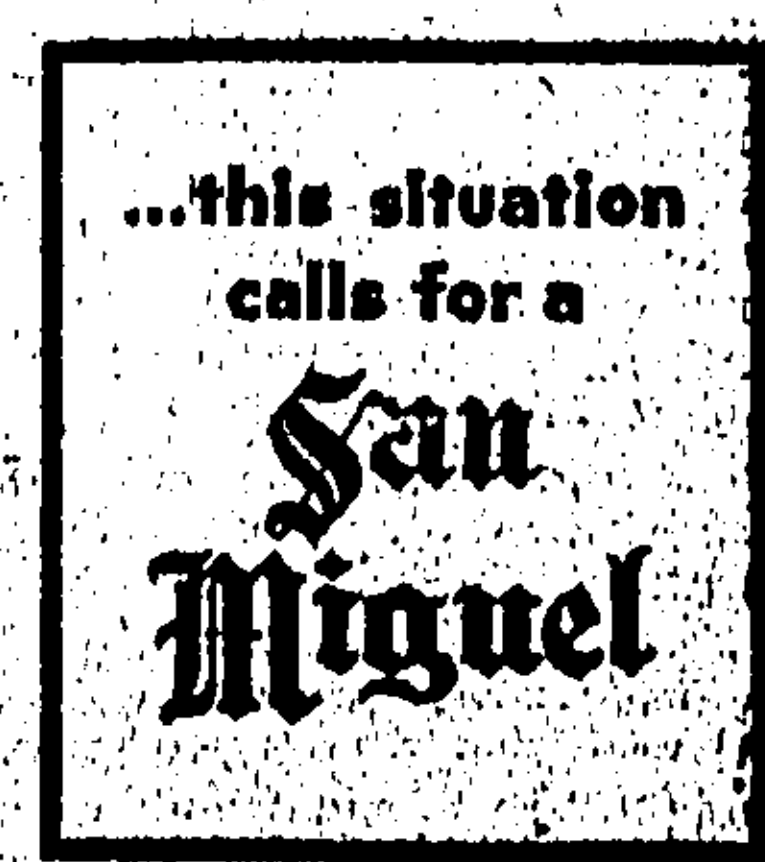
Lady Iris is still something of a celebrity in New York. She told me that recently she quarrelled with an Italian restaurant proprietor in New York because he refused to give her a detailed bill. Next day a New York newspaper headlined: "Salome Went Pay For Her Polony."

A theatre

FINANCIAL Notes: Millionaire Carlos Bestigui has built himself a private theatre in the grounds of his country house near Paris. It is lavishly equipped and seats 200. Professional companies, including the Comedie Francaise, will be hired to perform there on their nights off.

(COPYRIGHT)

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Here is a woman who refuses to believe that a mother-to-be need look dowdy before her baby is born. This is how she looks...

One month to B-day

By EILEEN ASCROFT

HOW beautiful can a mother-to-be look before her baby is born?

Well, have a look at the picture on the right. It was taken recently of Gillian Arizzone, a 23-year-old mother-to-be who expects her baby IN ONE MONTH.

Gillian, who is a model and is married to publisher David Rowse, used to measure 35in.-22in.-35in. And today? She says frankly: "I'm 50in. all over, but I don't mind. I've never felt better."

Gillian's maternity wardrobe is an object-lesson in how to be 50in. all over without being dowdy and dismal.

She has just had a belly in Capri to get herself fit for baby's arrival. She is tanned and glowing. And she has proved that finding elegant clothes for mother-to-be is no difficulty.

For beach and casual wear, Gillian chose a cunning two-piece, of washable rayon mixture, in green and red tartan. It has a deep V-neckline, long sleeves and a loose-fitting sleeveless waistcoat.

which she can wear over an evening blouse or sweaters.

See how Gillian looks in the picture. "The first drainage slacks I've seen for a mother-to-be," says Gillian.

"All right, but they're not all black and white. I've seen no drainage slacks but a black taffeta skirt, with adjustable zips, topped with a beautiful lace blouse in a star-pink and silver brocade.

DEEP NECKLINE

It has a deep V-neckline and a small, upstanding collar. This neck interest is important in all clothes for a mother-to-be.

For daytime wear Gillian chooses a slim black skirt and a crisp, loose cotton top. This is hip-length and very smart. It's the longer smocks that have that dowdy look.

Large "coin" spots of black, spring green and blossom pink decorate the white ground and the boat-shaped neckline is finished with a white plique color.

Gillian loves her shortie-housecoat in no-iron cotton because it is pretty and practical. "I can do all the housework in it and, joy of joys, it needs no ironing." It fastens down the front and comes in blue, pink or navy, all with white spots. Also of no-iron cotton are her shortie nightgowns, with square necks and red spot designs. Her last dress is right for any formal occasion or can be dressed up with jewelry for a party. In black nylon, pleated from a shoulder yoke, Gillian describes it as "the nicest maternity dress I've ever seen."

STILL GLAMOROUS

With its own petticoat and stiffened half-slip, it is also supplied with a gold belt so that it still looks good after the baby is born.

"I seem to have broken most of the rules for an expectant mother," says Gillian. "and I've never felt better in my life."

She flew to Capri, swam every day, danced till the early hours of the morning and got a speedboat riding. She prefers orange juice to milk, keeps her usual diet and does all her own housework.



For casual wear Gillian wears a tartan outfit with drainpipe slacks.

We even found her up a step ladder cleaning her windows, and for evenings she still wears high-heeled slippers. She plans a large family. "Dozens I hope, I love children."

But at the moment she is hoping for a son, whose name will be Sebastian Anthony Michael, Sam for short.

Right through her first pregnancy she has preserved

her looks and glamorous appearance. Looking good, she believes, is essential to a woman's health and happiness. WORLD COPYRIGHT RESERVED London Express Service.

How To Dress For Special Dining-out Occasions

By JILL CAREY

RESTAURANT clothes are back in London—dresses designed simply for elegant dining-out, not for dancing. They have cropped up in all the important dress collections, almost always in black.

A good restaurant dress has three qualities: it must be well

cut in a good fabric which won't crease or sit out, it must be simple enough to enable you to wear it again and again, and it must have the decoration above the waistline—so that it still shows when you are seated at the table.

Smartest London diners-out are choosing from the new season's collections, little dresses with short back—buttoning boleros which they can wear in the afternoon too; rustling short dresses in silk with picture-frame necklines to show off their jewellery; fitted tunic coats which they can wear out and about during the day, and washable dining-out dresses in heavy ribbed cotton, of the kind we've seen until now reserved for furnishing fabrics.

Many of these dresses are nothing more than elegant backgrounds for this year's hats, elaborate confections in silk straw, or soup-plates of chiffon loaded with overblown cabbage roses.

Back for first-nighting and very special dining-out occasions is the full dinner dress—a floor length sheath (the skirt just wide enough to allow you to hobble out of the taxi) in black, of course, with a cashmere kimono fashion above the waistline.

Two successful dresses seen dining out lately were a short-skirted gown of chalk white grosgrain, simply cut, accompanied by a stole of transparent ruffled lingerie nylon, and a chemise dress with a bell-shaped cigarette pleated skirt, topped by another narrow skirt of chambray lace.

Bright Decors

London's restaurants stay open longer, have brighter decors, serve better food. A favourite dining-out spot at the moment is La Popote 17, Regent

—decorated in Edwardian style with faded green velvet upholstery, swags of bobble-fringed chenille curtaining, and elaborate oil lamps.

The decor was designed by artist Leaden Sainthill, and his greatest triumph is the ceiling—lined in dark green velvet, studded with tiny torch-bulbs which, when lit, give the effect of a star-lit sky.

La Popote is staffed by a team of ungracious young men who leap between the tables with the grace of ballet dancers, in checked cotton chef's trousers, minute striped butcher's aprons. They chat to the customers, and at each other, but the food is excellent, and many famous personalities dine there.

Bizarre Coffee Bars

Espresso coffee bars have developed into favourite night haunts for after-theatre-goers and refugees from Deboult's parties. Staple diet at these bars is salad, spaghetti and savoury omelettes, or giant baked potatoes smothered in butter and grated cheese with, of course, endless cups of frothy white coffee.

The coffee is the only thing these bars have in common. As each new one opens, it has gone more bizarre than its neighbours and the decors currently available range from Cuban and Ancient Egypt to a Spanish bull-ring.

At the Cat's Whisker, tucked away behind Piccadilly Circus, you can listen to amateur guitarists while you sip. At another coffee-bar you can hear budding poets declaiming their own works. Or at Heaven and Hell, a newly-opened coffee bar in Soho, you can, depending on your current mood, sit upstairs in Heaven with its sugary deco of blue-birds and angels, or squalor your way downstairs to the Outer Black—a cellar painted entirely in black, with chairs, ceiling and floor, with only too realistic red flames on the walls; the whole lit by very dim ghouliah lamps.



A strapless one-piece swimsuit of printed cotton by Jean Dessas—Agence France-Presse.

FRENCH DESIGNERS START NEW TREND BEACH FASHIONS GO GAY AND COLOURFUL

FRANCE, undisputed leader of creative dress-making, is making a strong bid against the competitive Italian market in beach and sportswear.

An exciting new source of inspiration has sprung up on the Côte d'Azur within the last year, led by a group of ten designers located in and around Nice. Operation costs are lower than Paris, and the climate and location is logical for turning out attractive sun and surf fashions.

PROVOCATIVE CHINESE DRESSES

Trends in summer casual clothes are as riotously gay and colourful as a country carnival. Theatrical costume effects worn with a flair and plenty of self-assurance seem perfectly at home on the beach.

Paris, harnesses, or inset undercuts tied with drawstrings. Necklines are built up, although many retain convertible treatments to facilitate even sun tanning.

High halter necks hug the throatline, or cuffed shoulder-cup collars form little cup sleeves. Other variations are scooped necklines or deep squares with a modified sailor collar.

There is a strong revival of knitwear in bathing suits, noted especially in the old Gertrude Ederle type of maillet in bold stripes with high round neckline and mid-high length pant legs.

The costume look emerges in all types of swimwear, with nearly every suit accompanied by its matching coat or throw-on beach blouse. Bright cotton prints are popular, with the little coat lined in solid toned towelling.

There is a pair of abbreviated swim shorts and matching bra edged with knit; a V-necked pullover in solid toned turtlet, and striped sweater jacket with roomy pockets looping all the way down. She makes a fetish of a soft Nile green colour, featured in full organza skirts, or smocks skirted into a

round neck yoke like a child's smock.

A smart accessory ensemble from this house is shown in Norwegian-patterned canvas lined with white terry cloth, comprising a long middie blouse, with matching beach mat and parasol that rolls up to carry in a portable leather harness.

PANTS IN VARIED FORMS

Pants are still an A 1 fashion, and this summer is going to see a varied parade from the briefest boy's shorts, graded through every length to full-length slacks.

There are new "hop in" one-piece overall suits; puffy bloomer and romper playsets with matching removable skirts; clamdiggers, Buccaneer and "crazy" pants in bright, harlequin printed cottons.

If Grandmother's corsets prove an inspiration in beach dresses, copies of Grandfather's denim breeches from down on the farm appear in trousers, complete with fly fronts.

Stripes are a leading note, used in every conceivable manner. Genevieve Faith likes striped English schoolboy blazers in flannel, worn with Bermuda shorts, and knee-length cable knit socks.

Striped and plain fabric contrasts are worked in a variety of ensembles in cottons, denims and canvas, with striped midlids and tops over solid-toned trousers, or reverse this procedure with vertically striped pants or shorts and a plain top.

Practical and pretty hoodies debut in a number of manners on ear, come in felt or fiber, rustic fabrics, or are shown on

"CHOPSTICKS" FOR CHIGNONS

Feathers, fruit and flowers are the themes in jewellery and hair ornaments; trimming combs or topping spiky chopsticks to be spouted through the chignons that are so much in evidence with the trend towards longer "convertible" length hair.

Jacques Heim goes to darkest Africa in his amusing beach collection, with curious tribal

types of Arab burnouse wraps and pointed hooded middies.

Separately cut Medial helmets in fabrics matching the costumes are designed to keep hair neat in high winds.

Practical, the Parisian milliner, shows evening cardigans in silk organza with a self-hood which converts into a draped scarf at the back.

Simple But Effective

A simple but one hundred percent effective hat we've seen lately was a large flat panama or white marabout feathers which the owner wore with a perfectly plain chemise topped dress and a magnificent diamond clip. The hat, she told me, was stored in her wardrobe in a plastic bag, cleaned weekly with French chalk. It made all the other hats in the restaurant look over-lushy.

Back for first-nighting and very special dining-out occasions is the full dinner dress—a floor length sheath (the skirt just wide enough to allow you to hobble out of the taxi) in black, of course, with a cashmere kimono fashion above the waistline.



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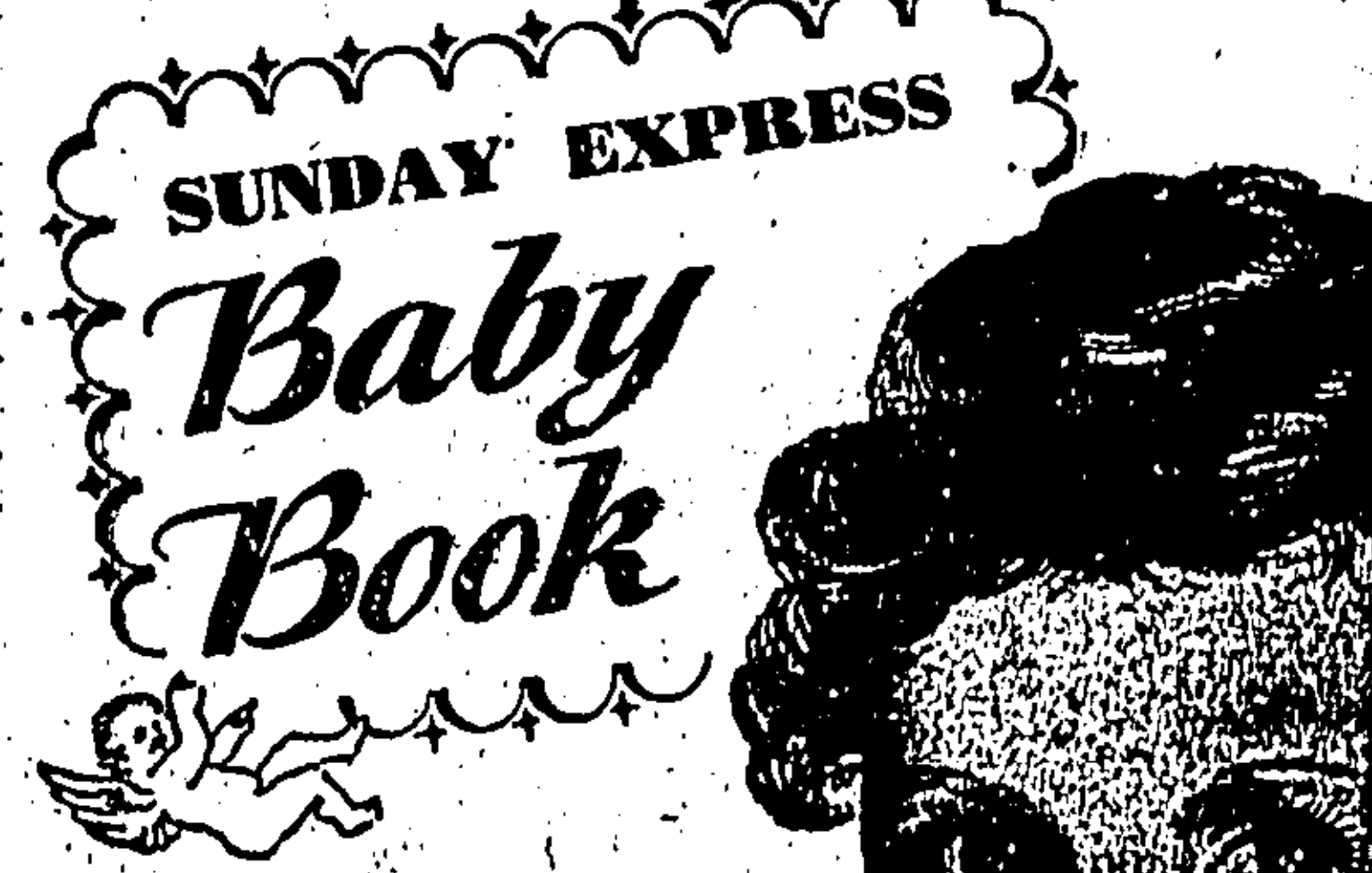


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TWO pictures of local observances of Dominion Day by Canadians resident in Hongkong. Top picture shows Mr. Roy G. Dunlop, President of the Canadian Club, paying respects to the war dead at the memorial service held at the Saiwan Military Cemetery. Bottom picture was taken at the cocktail party given at the Hongkong Club by the Canadian Government Trade Commissioner, Mr. C. M. Forsyth-Smith (left). With him are HE the Officer Administering the Government, Mr. E. B. David, and Mrs. Forsyth-Smith. (Staff Photographer)



PROF. Gordon King (right) talking with Mr and Mrs Henry Ching at the farewell party given for him by the Family Planning Association, of which he was President. He is taking up a new post in Australia. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Sir Tsun-nin Chau, knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours, congratulated by Mr Tsang Wah-tsun at the dinner given to him by the St Stephen's College Old Boys' Association. (Staff Photographer)



GROUPED below are new committee members of the Gold and Silver Exchange Society, with Mr Ho Tim, the chairman, seated in centre. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr and Mrs P. N. Boedle celebrated their silver wedding recently with a party for their friends. They are seen cutting their silver wedding cake. (Mainland)



PICTURE taken in San Francisco on June 23 on the occasion of Miss Ina Osmund's 21st birthday party. Miss Osmund is seated in middle row fifth from right, surrounded by friends many of whom were formerly of Hongkong. (Vince Tavaros)



WEDDING of Mr John Allan Auchinc and Miss June Mary Martin at the Union Church, Kennedy Road. Bride and groom with their friends after the ceremony. (Staff Photographer)



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RIGHT: Group picture taken when Miss Libby Tin wed Dr. Poh Eng-teck at the Registry of Marriages on Tuesday. The couple are leaving for Singapore, where they will make their home. (Staff Photographer)

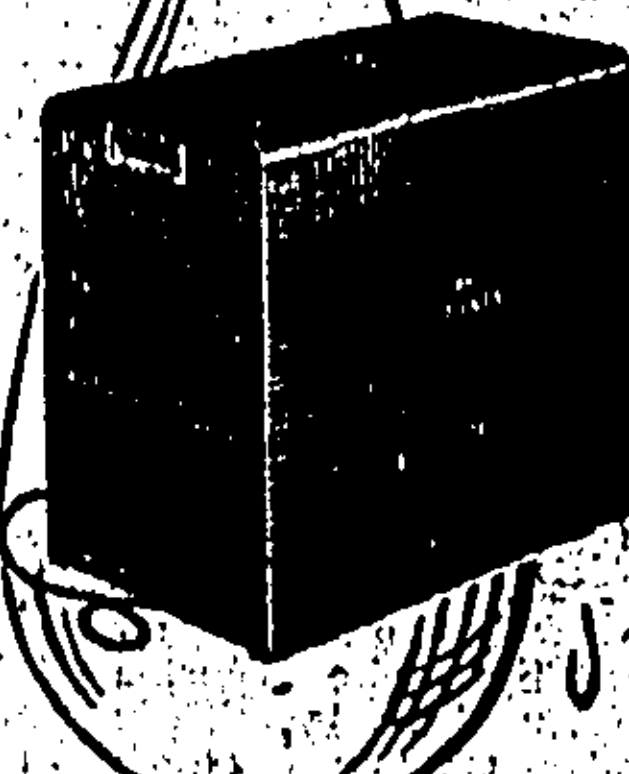


RIGHT: Aboard the Cable and Wireless cable ship, Retriever, during the official visit of the Commodore-in-Charge, Commodore J. H. Unwin. From left: Mr P.G. Cornish, Mr H. S. Bindon, Capt. J. G. West (of Retriever), Mr J. T. Lock (Manager of Cable and Wireless), Mr H.C. Baker (Divisional Manager) and Commodore Unwin. (Staff Photographer)



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MR Eduardo L. Rosal, Consul for the Philippines, and Filipino residents at the community tea dance held at the Peninsula Hotel to celebrate Philippines Independence Day. Right: Mr Rosal with HE the OAG, Mr E. B. David, and Mr Angus MacKintosh, Deputy Commissioner-General for Southeast Asia, at the cocktail reception at the Repulse Bay Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



THE United States Consul-General and Mrs. Everett F. Drumright receiving guests at the Fourth of July reception. Mrs. Drumright is greeting Mr Justice J. R. Gregg. (Staff Photographer)



PC Chan To-sang receiving a silver whistle as best recruit from Air Commodore A. D. Messenger at last Saturday's passing-out parade at the Police Training School. The Air Officer Commanding took the salute. (Staff Photographer)

THE Director of Public Works, the Hon. Theodore L. Bowring, who opened the new Kowloon City ferry pier, is seen in picture on the right (standing in centre) with Mr J. C. Brown and Miss Rosalie Bowring at the cocktail party marking the occasion. (Staff Photographer)



MISS K. D. Cherry unveiling the black marble tablet at the new St Peter's School, West Point, to mark its official opening. Miss Cherry is Principal of St Stephen's Girls' College. (Staff Photographer)



OFFICIALS of the Swiss Air Lines who arrived in Hongkong this week on a world tour. They are Mr Willy Imhof, Dr Walter Borchfeld, Messrs Fritz Kretz, Zach Kaolin, L. L. Ambord, Miss Wanda Cassina-Barca, and Messrs Walter Benz and Max Grother. (Mayfair)

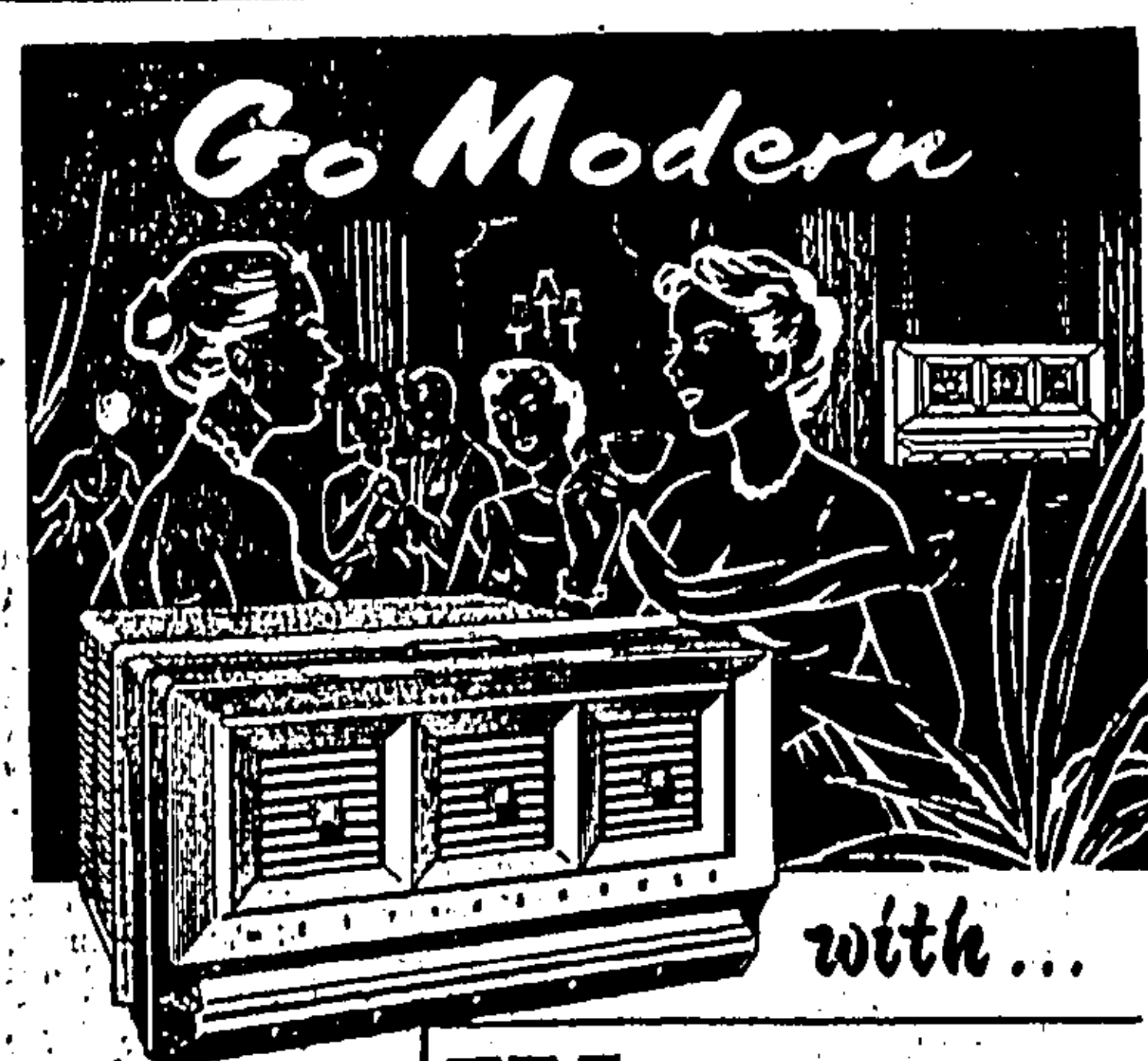


THE new Church of the Sacred Heart in Shatin, a Roman Catholic church, was opened on Monday by Bishop Lawrence Bianchi. Here, the Rev. Fr Ambrose Poletti, priest in charge of Catholic missions in the New Territories, is seen speaking at the reception following. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Brig. F.C.C. Graham, Deputy Commander, Land Forces, congratulating WO1 H. Dickinson after presenting him with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal at the RASC Corps Sunday parade at Whitfield Barracks. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: The Portuguese Army football team from Macao and a team representing the British Army, who met at Sek Kong in the first Army interport game on Tuesday. The British team won 8-2. (Staff Photographer)



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"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU...."

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THE UGLY LITTLE SISTER GROWS UP IN BROADWAY

New York. If you saw the film "Picnic," you will remember the tiny, ugly younger sister, Susan Strasberg. It was a smallish part, but some sagacious moviegoers predicted a bright future for her.

It was the safest bet of the year. For before over "Picnic" had been shown

by C. Nicholas Phipps

in America, let alone London, Susan Strasberg was an established star on Broadway.

Since last October she has been playing Anne Frank herself in "The Diary of Anne Frank," the Pulitzer Prize Play of 1955.

She has just celebrated her 18th birthday.

Even at 17½ Miss Strasberg was able to face her triumph with the outward reserve of a seasoned performer. ("Inwardly," she says, "I felt I was drunk without having had any alcohol.") She had been acting professionally three years, while she had vir-

roasted "medium rare" (twice carried past the kitchen fire), a large green salad and a glass of milk when we met for a 6.45 meal-12a before the play.

After the play she eats "pastries and desserts and all kinds of crazy rich things."

She drinks water, milk (which she hates) and champagne "on occasions."

She has grit. For three months she was running a temperature with bronchitis and influenza. She went on playing until her doctor insisted she stay in bed. She missed only five performances. She with a temperature of 101.

She is thoroughly professional. "People say: 'Oh it must be so inspiring to play your part.' I tell them it's just hard work. Inspiration comes maybe twice in a lifetime, but you have to give eight performances a week. I never used to get nervous. Now I think I won't be able to go on sometimes. Nobody knows me then. Now I've got frightened having to live up to something. You've got to get better or worse all the time."

Comparison

She looks like a waif-and-tray. She is just five feet tall, pale and very thin. She has long, untidy-looking mousey hair, kept back by an Alice-in-Wonderland, enormous, sad-looking brown eyes and a much better complexion than most American girls.

No Make-up

She uses no make-up, on-stage or off, except a pencil on her eyes and eyebrows. On-stage her voice has a harsh whine that grates horribly on an English ear; "in real life" it is gentle and rather pleasing.

She moves beautifully and she has a charmingly proud self-possession.

Despite her ethereal, emaciated appearance she put away (in that order) a bowl of fruit salad, a huge slice of beef, quarter of an inch thick and

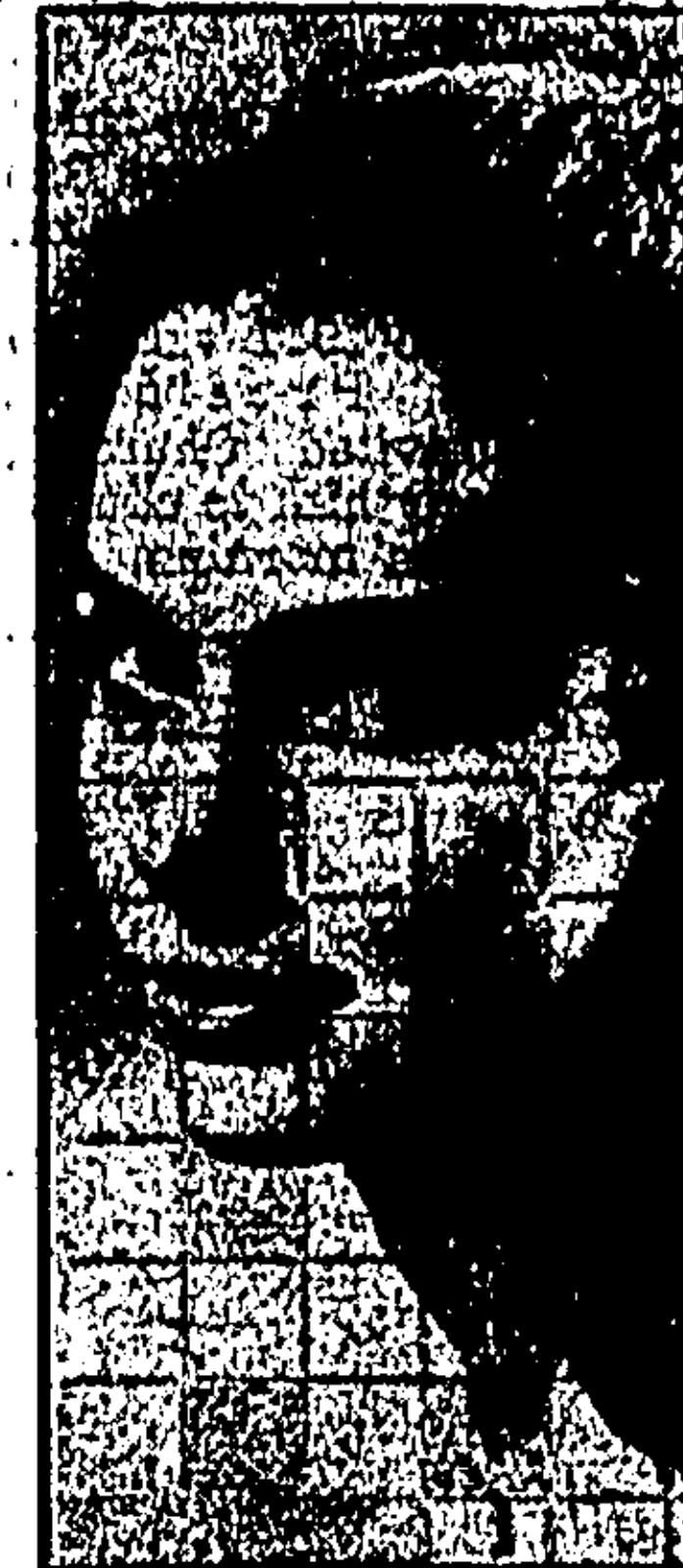
It is profitable to compare her with our 18-year-old, Anna Massey. Both are plain little girls who transcend their appearance. But Susan Strasberg has less warmth and gaiety; much less power to beguile.

In the same theoretical circumstances I can see myself lending Miss Massey money and lecturing Miss Strasberg on extravagance.

I would guess that a director would find Miss Strasberg an altogether better craftsman; the dependable professional against the hit-or-miss amateur.

Miss Massey is the better girl to chat with; Miss Strasberg to talk to. I doubt if Miss Strasberg has any small talk. But neither, he once confessed, had Wellington.

Miss Strasberg's talk is lucid, logical and informed. But painfully earnest. And all the more so for the curious pseudo-scientific jargon she affects, like many Americans.



SUSAN STRASBERG—she did not get her feet wet.

She doesn't have a shock: she has a traumatic experience. She doesn't pick up habits: she acquires them by osmosis. She doesn't console herself after a disappointment: she erects protective barriers around her ego.

She is going to London in August to rest for a month from the damp heat of New York. I told her that public curiosity might disturb her rest.

"Oh, no, Marilyn Monroe is coming over about the same time. No one will pay much attention to me." I think she will be proved wrong. But one word of advice.

Let her not wear her spectacles and use those long words, or people really will take her for just another blue-stocking.

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Sir Thomas Beecham and The Girl From Toronto

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

TO those of us who are Canadians resident in London there is always a special interest when compatriots come across the Atlantic to challenge the fates in London. Whether it is a financier like Sir Walter Peacock, a dambuster like Lord Beaverbrook, an operatic baritone like Edmond Burke, a star soprano like Edwina or even a semi-Canadian like Stephen Leacock those of us who are resident in the Metropolis feel a special pride.

Contrary to the pessimists London is still the greatest city in the world. Paris may claim to be the temple of the mind, Vienna may contend that her opera is the best in the world, and New York can certainly boast that her skyscrapers are nearest to heaven, but the verdict of London has a finality about it that cannot be disputed.

Therefore I was specially interested to learn that Lois Marshall was to be the soloist at the Festival Hall with Sir Thomas Beecham's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Nor was my interest lessened by the knowledge that the young lady in question was a native daughter of Toronto.

Stormy Veteran

EVEN J. B. Priestley was impressed by Toronto. We were somewhat disturbed a few weeks ago to learn that he had behaved rather badly at a Literary Luncheon in the Queen City and I duly took him to task in a British publication under the heading: "Don't be Beasty, Mr Priestley!" A bit cheap perhaps, but provocative.

He does not usually turn the other cheek but a note has just arrived from him suggesting that we have a friendly talk about Canada. It seems in fact that he was much impressed by that expanding metropolis that stretches from the water front to the far North.

But now in London we were to have a young woman as a co-star with the stormy veteran of music Sir Thomas Beecham. Few artists have emerged un-

scathed from contact with the unpredictable temperament of that great little conductor whose family fortunes were found on pills.

Once at a rehearsal when a visiting prima donna at Covent Garden was singing off pitch he stopped the orchestra and said: "Madam, would you sound your A?" On another occasion when a fat soprano from Paris was rehearsing he remarked blandly: "There's only one possible explanation. She must be the mistress of the President of the French Republic."

"Shut Up!"

ONE final example and we shall get down to our narrative. It happened years ago when Sir Thomas Beecham was conducting Fidelio on the opening night of the opera season when all the socialites were there. Unfortunately there was a sustained mutter of conversation in the audience as the gentle overture developed.

Putting down his baton Sir Thomas turned around and shouted: "Shut up!" The socialites gasped and were silent. "Either you shut up," he barked, "or I'll put you out."

And now the girl from Toronto had to rehearse with him as a prelude to the Saturday night performance. I do not know whether anything happened at the rehearsal but on the night of the concert it was good to see the vast hall packed to the roof. There was not a seat to be had by the unwary who thought that there would be plenty of room for a concert starring a young woman from Canada especially as her achievements in North America were not widely known in Britain.

Immense Range

AFTER the opening symphony Sir Thomas left the platform to escort our visitor from the wings. We had learned that Lois Marshall had suffered from an attack of polio in her childhood which had left her permanently lame. Thus

she limped awkwardly as she walked but Beecham guided her with his hand as if she were an Empress.

The audience gave her a warming reception and wondered at her courage, for Mozart's "Exsultate, Jubilate" demands an immense range as well as perfect breath control. But she seemed utterly confident as Sir Thomas who had mounted the conductor's rostrum, raised his baton.

Not even the call of the blood can make me say that she completely conquered us at once. She was probably nervous and there were some notes in her voice that seemed to lack depth and colour. The voice was carrying well and her intonation was faultless but that indefinable quality of greatness was missing.

Nevertheless she was given a heart-warming reception at the end of the Exsultate. But the great test lay ahead. The Jubilate is a supreme ordeal. Not only has she to contend against the orchestra in full blast but the vocal range is from the low notes of the contralto to the top notes of a soprano.

Unforgettable

NO wonder Beecham glanced at her with an appraising eye as he raised his baton. But our heroine showed no outward sign of nerves. Like all great boxers, orators, actors and singers, she was perfectly calm as the song went on. In this case as the baton was raised. In a few moments we sensed that something unforgettable was happening. Here was a young woman whose voice was flooding the auditorium with a sheer exultant happiness that blended in perfect unity with the joyousness of Mozart's orchestral accompaniment.

Jubilate! Jubilate! Even to speak the word is to sense its extraordinary quality of ecstasy. But to sing it is to proceed in a B-flat that seemed to come from a mountain top is to venture into the uncharted territory of the spirit.

But it was not only at the top of the register that Lois Marshall was scoring her triumph. Her low notes essential for contrast, were full yet perfectly in keeping with the rest of her voice.

One must admit that in the ovation that swept the auditorium at the end of the Jubilate we must give some credit to Mozart. I have never been an enthusiast about his opera but that is not uncommon with those of us who prefer the full singing actually and spiritual-

ity of Wagner. Yet in his Jubilate, Mozart carries us to heights spiritual, and I cannot think of any soprano whose personality and voice could have expressed the spirit of the piece with such perfection. After the end of the concert I went to Beecham's dressing room to renew old acquaintances. He looked as if he had run a mile race in evening dress on a hot August afternoon. He is 77 years of age and his legs are not as springy as his mind.

Enriched Spirit

TO my question on what he thought of Lois Marshall he answered: "My dear fellow, I knew she would be a success. She sang for me in America and I engaged her at once." Then he told me he was writing his autobiography. "It will provoke some controversy," he said blandly.

By a happy chance my wife and I had run into Mr and Mrs Alexander from Toronto on the way into the Festival Hall and they asked us to join them at a supper party at the Caprice Restaurant in honour of the heroine of the evening. So after leaving Beecham we joined the celebration party and I had the pleasure of sitting next to Lois Marshall.

She looked much younger than on the platform and her face, like her voice, has a unique quality of happiness. There is real merriment in her laughter and in her spirit. Yet from childhood she had limped with no hope that she would ever walk or dance or run like other girls.

Oscar Wilde wrote that out of sorrow have the worlds been built and at the birth of a child or a star there is pain. Sorrow and suffering can enrich the human spirit and Lois Marshall proves this to be true.

Joyousness

CHILDREN are not normally endowed with tact and one can imagine the spiritual loneliness of Lois Marshall as a little girl who could not join her contemporaries at play. But life has a strange instinct for compensation.

I do not doubt that as a child her nature deepened and her mind matured because she had to remain apart from so many activities. Thus when she sings there is sorrow in her voice, when the music calls for it but as in Mozart's mad scene, there is a joyousness in her voice that brings excitement to the soul.

Now to bring myself down to earth I shall wander to Lord's Cricket Ground and calm myself in the deep religious quiet of a match between Middlesex and Australia. But I must be careful not to shout "Jubilate" if, in the course of the game, an English player should happen to knock one to the boundary.

(COPYRIGHT)

What they say . . .

THEY were young and in love and they were trying to decide where to go for dinner. And like every one who is young and in love and trying to decide where to go for dinner—their conversation ran like this:—

SHE: Where will we go?

HE: Chez Peter's.

SHE: We always go there.

HE: What's wrong with it?

SHE: We always go there.

HE: Where will we go?

SHE: Somewhere small and romantic.

HE: I took you to Chez Peter's the first time, we met.

SHE: I feel like celebrating something.

HE: You felt like that last week and it cost a lot of money.

SHE: Well,

HE: If you want a house when we're married you can't expect to go out celebrating every week as well.

SHE: If people can't go out when they're engaged they never will.

HE: You said last week you loved me so much you wouldn't care if we never went out.

SHE: And I meant it, I'd just like to go out SOMETIMES.

HE: WELL—where will we go for dinner?

SHE: What about Nico's?

HE: All right.

SHE: Now I think you're only taking me because I want to go.

HE: I am.

SHE: Don't you want to go there?

HE: If you want to go there we'll go.

SHE: I don't want to MAKE you take me to some place.

HE: You can't MAKE me do anything. I don't want to.

SHE: Oh,

HE: But I'll take you wherever you want to go, darling.

SHE: I don't think I'm dressed for Nico's.

HE: You look fine to me.

SHE: Let's go to Chez Peter's.

OMEGA

"GENEVA COLLECTION"

In view of the great interest shown by the public in the Omega "Geneva Collection" of jewellery-watches, the factory has consented to allow it to remain in Hong-kong for another week.

Until the 10th of July it will be exhibited

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USE BATH SURPLUS IN THE GARDEN.

WATER IS PRECIOUS

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER



General's Badge Was Served At Churchill's Dinner

ONE MARINE'S TALE. By General Sir Leslie Hollis. Andre Doutsch, 185 pages. 15s.

By **ROBERT J. EDWARDS**

MANY men are ruled by their valets. But not Sir Winston Churchill.

During the 1941 visit to Washington, President Roosevelt invited Churchill to accompany him to church on Christmas morning.

It was to be a great and solemn occasion. Churchill insisted on wearing his white waistcoat with his dark suit.

Sawyer, the valet, in the true Jeeves tradition, advised against it.

The church, he said, would be overheated. A white waistcoat would be a most inappropriate garment for the occasion.

Churchill refused to be persuaded. He demanded his white waistcoat forthwith.

"Sawyer, how could you?" he said, when his valet confessed the truth. The waistcoat had been left in London.

General Hollis's story, however, is a most intimate glimpse of Britain's war leader.

busy translating his master's speech.

It flowed all over him. Unmoved, the highly-disciplined Russian continued his task.

Afterwards, Hollis discovered these were six Russian colonels—chiefs of Stalin's security guard—who had been left in a side room without food or drink. They were extremely disgruntled.

Hollis took in a bottle of Scotch and six glasses. Bottoms up—and it was gone. Another bottle was fetched, and another. Says Hollis: "I returned to the main scene rather shaken."

Ernest Bevin and Hollis were present at a Defence Committee discussion on recruiting which was in a bad way. Said Bevin: "You know, you Chiefs of Staff, the best recruiting agent you ever had was unemployment."

Bevin explained how he tried to join the Marines when he was on the dole.

The sergeant, he told the assembled Chiefs of Staff, glared at him and said: "Do you really think we have little squirts of men like you in the Marines?"

At this, Bevin pointed a finger at Hollis and exclaimed indignantly: "And yet look at Ollis there!"

Bevin and Hollis were the same height.

★

PRIME MINISTER OF MIRTH, the biography of Sir George Robey by A. E. Wilson. Odhams Press, London, 18/- net.

The vast majority of English-speaking devotees of the old-time music-hall and variety stage, George Robey was the "Prime Minister of Mirth," the comedian whose artistry was irresistible, whose World War I "Bing Boys" was the greatest manufacturer of laughter in the history of the stage.

And George Robey was, undoubtedly, the most accomplished "low comedian" of his era. "Let us have honest vulgarity," was a frequent observation he made. But Robey, who was decorated with the CBE for his part in the war work of good causes, and in the last year of his life received a richly deserved knighthood, was very much more than a "low comedian."

His philosophy was as pungent as his stage songs, and quips were fruitful. His deep sensitivity for his fellow men, his shy generosity, his unswerving contempt for stage microphones (and crooners which go with them), his tender love life, his great courage as an artist when at the age of 69 he staked his reputation by appearing on the legitimate stage in the role of Falstaff—all these characteristics made him a man among men.

Admirers of the late George Robey will feel grateful to A. E. Wilson for his biography of the inevitable mirth-maker, so too will those who have never had the opportunity of seeing and hearing him either on the stage or in films. For this is a splendid study of a very human and humane person, whose own rise to fame he traced with genuine modesty, who in many respects gave more than he received and whose life, in several ways, could be taken as a model. —SAG

★

CENTURY OF A LIFETIME, by R. T. Johnston, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, 7/6d net.

WHO are the finest pair of opening batsmen cricket has produced? Hobbs and Sutcliffe? Woodfull and Ponsford? Hutton and Washbrook? Morris and Barnes?

The reader of this new book will be captivated to learn it was none of these giants. He has it on the authority of Mr. Oberon Stringwood, President of St. Barnabas Cricket Club, that the honour belongs to Lockjaw and Gizzard.

Mr. Stringwood backs his judgment by insisting that, with all due respect to Hobbs and Sutcliffe on a sticky day at Melbourne, "they were never (like Lockjaw and Gizzard) called upon to bat year in year out, on pitches where the ball might rear off a length from a patch of nettles or shoot from a clump of daisies, besides breaking tortuously from inequalities in the wicket."

This is quite sufficient to compel the reader to bow to Mr. Stringwood's judgment.

Mr. R. T. Johnston, the author, has written a delightfully whimsical, gently satirical book about cricket. It tickles the fancy rather than promotes up-to-date statistics. It constitutes an essay in the art of good-natured debunking which every cricketer or lover of cricket would dearly like to be able to pen. It is all very good fun. —SAG

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN . . . by Walter



IS BING GOING OUT—OR HAS HE GONE?

Cyril Stapleton's column

In Madrid last week Frank Sinatra paid this remarkable tribute to Cyril Stapleton. "I want to make a record with the Cyril Stapleton orchestra. It is the finest in the world." Stapleton is the most widely followed record commentator in daily journalism. Read him each week in the China Mail.

I HAVE just been listening to the new long-playing album by Bing Crosby. On the back of the jacket appears the phrase "Sung by The Inimitable Bing." It strikes me there is a spot of wishful thinking here, and that Bing is not quite as inimitable as the record people like to think.

In fact, I can say that as far as the sales of records are concerned, some of the imitators are doing better than the original.

Checking back I find that the last time Mr Crosby appeared in the Top 10 was in April 1954 with a tune called "Change Partners." On the other hand, some of the singing stars who owe their style to the master have been doing very well themselves of recent months.

Look at their names:—

Dean Martin has had a couple of big hits on both sides of the Atlantic. Perry Como is doing nicely with "Hot Diggity." And Dave King is riding for his third success in a row with "The Birds and the Bees."

These people—and others—all do well out of imitating the "inimitable." At the same time the "inimitable" himself seems to have gone out of fashion. I wonder why?

19 Gold Discs

I S it because Crosby has become too familiar and we take him for granted? Or is it that he just doesn't pick the right songs to record any more?

The person who seems least worried is, of course, Bing. He still goes his own way, refusing to appear on TV and doing five radio programmes a week.

And if he needs any consolation for his failure to appear in the best-selling-record charts I should think he just lets his mind drift over the following remarkable facts: That he has sold over 100 million gramophone records. "White Christmas" alone has sold more than 9,000,000; "Jingle Bells" 5,000,000; and "Silent Night" 6,000,000.

He has 19 golden discs—each one represents a record which sold over a million, and that enough records have been sold to supply one each to nearly every inhabitant of the United States.

Mice & Man

I D like to raise my musical cap to bandleader Johnny Dankworth. Johnny has just made a record for Parlophone which looks like becoming his first big seller. It's called "Experiments with Mice," and contains, not as you would think something which might result in a court action by the R.S.P.C.A., but a clever and amusing take-off of the varying styles of several famous bands, all playing the old nursery rhyme, "Three Blind Mice."

Johnny not only arranged and conducted this 10.5. m record, he also speaks the narration, and plays alto saxophone, clarinet, cowbell, tin whistle, and tympani.

L.P.'s Level

FOR the first time in the history of gramophone records, long players are being sold in the same quantity as the ordinary variety. These expensive cases, which cost up to £2 each, are actually selling copy for copy with the ordinary pop 5s. 7d. 78's.

The two which have created this new record, by appearing in the Top 20, are Sinatra's "Swinging Lovers," and the sound track of "Carousel."

My Fear

A NEW Elvis Presley, which will, I fear, be an immediate success is called "I Want You, I Need You, I Love You." I'm sorry I don't feel that way about him.

On the back, a tune with the title "Let Me."

The Top Ten

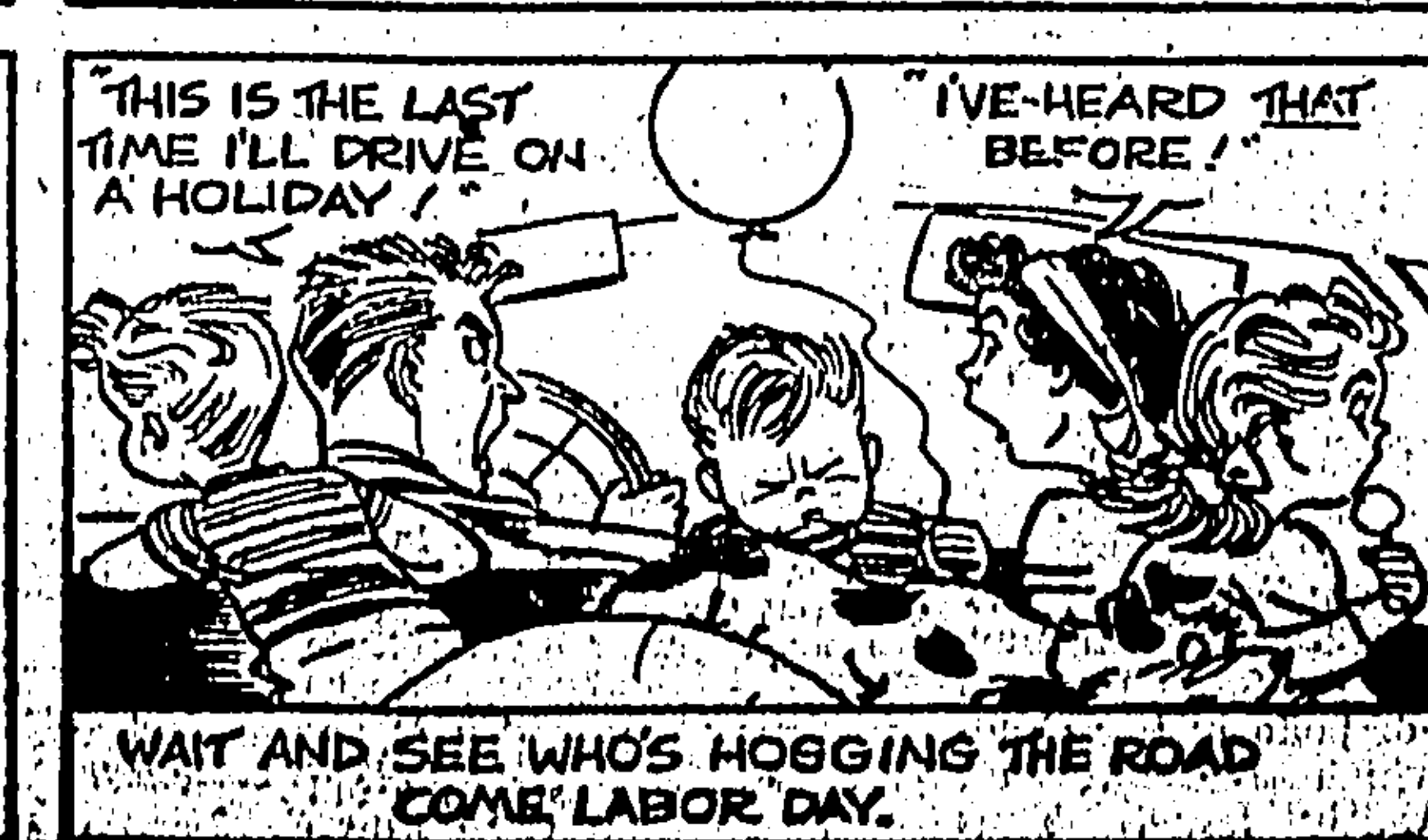
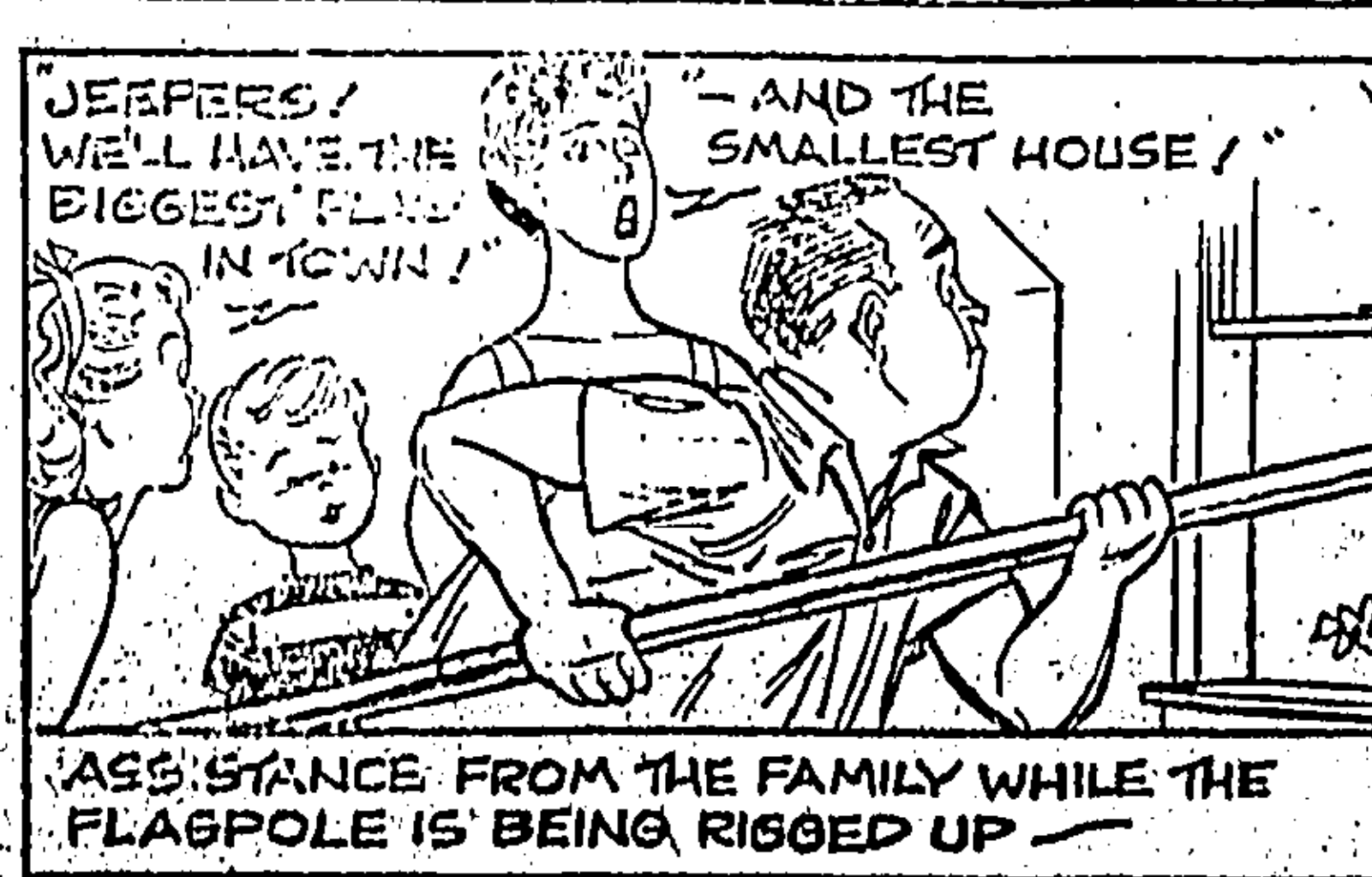
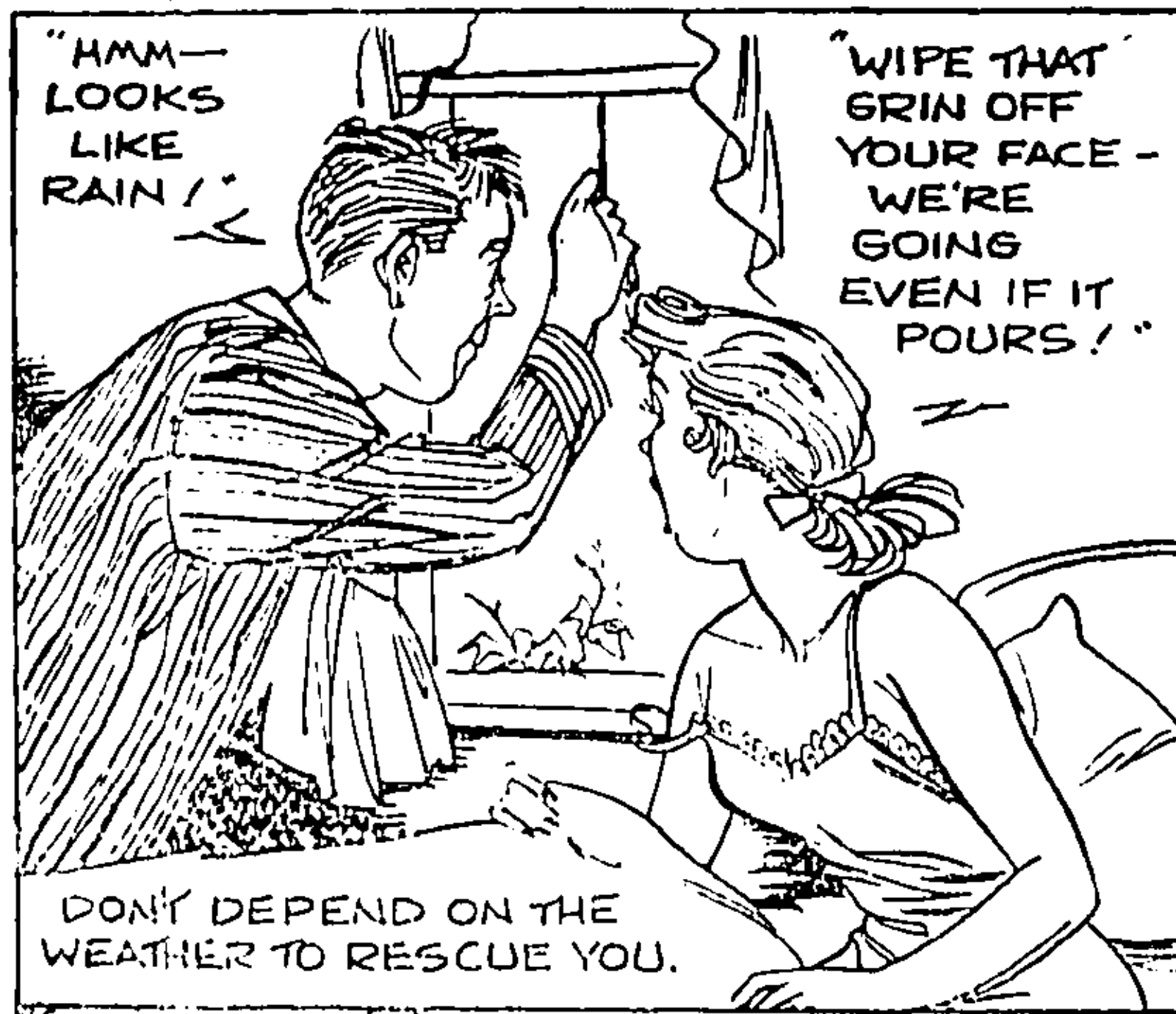
Here's the week's best-sellers—

- 1 "I'LL BE HOME," Pat Boone (London)
 - 2 "HEARTBREAK HOTEL," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
 - 3 "LOST JOHN," Lonnie Donegan (Pye-Nixa)
 - 4 "NO OTHER LOVE," Ronnie Hilton (H.M.V.)
 - 5 "HOT DIGGITY," Perry Como (H.M.V.)
 - 6 "SAINTS ROCK AND ROLL," Bill Haley, Comets (Brunswick)
 - 7 "MY SEPTEMBER LOVER," David Whitfield (Decca)
 - 8 "TOO YOUNG TO GO STEADY," Nat "King" Cole (Capitol)
 - 9 "A TEAR FELL," Teresa Brewer (Vogue/Coral)
 - 10 "BLUE SUEDE SHOES," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)
- AND "EXPERIMENTS WITH MICE," Johnny Dankworth Orchestra (Parlophone)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Yankee Doodle Dandies

BY HARRY WEINERT



WEEK-END BOWLS

A CRAIGENGOWER VICTORY TODAY MAY DECIDE THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Says "TOUCHER"

What may be the deciding match of the First Division of the Lawn Bowls League will be played off this afternoon at the Valley between Craigenower Cricket Club and Kowloon Cricket Club.

A 4-1 win for the League-leading Valley club will practically assure them of the Championship. With only four remaining matches to go after this afternoon's game they have only to contend with KBGC, Filipino Club, Talkoo and IRC "Gold".

They have only to average four points from these remaining games to bring their aggregate points to 51 which should be ample to earn them the title.

Last year's record became the Champions with 43 points from 16 matches, and past records show that an average of four points per match has always been good enough to win the Championship. Fifty-one points will not only give Craigenower an even slightly higher average.

The chances of KCC or IRC "Blues" of becoming the Champions will depend largely on the outcome of this afternoon's game. At the moment KCC has two postponed games in hand—one against IRC "Gold" and the other against Revere. In seven matches they have collected 26 points.

If they lose today's game by 4-1, they must average four points in their remaining six games to equal Craigenower's likely total of 51 points.

Considering that among their six remaining matches KCC still has to play IRC "Blues", KBGC and Revere twice, the chances of their coming out on top must be regarded as very remote.

The same can also be said of IRC "Blues" who still have one postponed match against KBGC in eight matches they have taken 20½ points. An average of four points in their remaining matches will only give them 50½ points and on top of that they still have Revere and KCC among their remaining opponents.

HOWEVER

A 4-1 win for the Kowloonites this afternoon will, however, take the race to an interesting finish. Craigenower can then probably end up with only 48 points and the Kowloonites will need only 10 points from their remaining six matches to overtake their rivals.



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TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Talkoo v Revere
IRC "Gold" v FC
COC v KCC
KBGC v IRC "Blue"
Second Division
POC v HKFC
USRC v PRC
Revere v KCC "White"
COC v KCC
HKCC v FC
KCC "Blue" (bye)
Third Division
PRC v COC
HKCC v HKFC
FC v KBGC
COC v HKPSA
Ladies League
COC "Green" v FC
KBGC v USRC
KCC "White" v KCC
PRC v COC "Yellow"
FC v KCC "Red"

TOMORROW

Colony Open Triples first round matches at Revere, IRC, KBGC, HKCC, KCC, COC, HKFC and KDC.
MONDAY
Colony Open Pairs first round matches at IRC, KBGC, COC, KCC, HKCC, Revere, KDC and HKFC.

SPORTS SPECTRUM

Big John Is Struck Out By Mr Wong's Power Play

It was hot and sticky outside and both Big John and Mr Wong breathed a sigh of relief as they entered the cooler atmosphere of the club and made straight for the bar.

"The first item on the programme, my dear Wong, is the urgent replacement of today's sweat-soaked and serious spot of thirst-quenching," said Big John as he settled himself on a high stool under a fan.

Mr Wong watched the studied actions of the bar boy as he prepared the drinks and he seemed to be anticipating eagerly the pleasure that was just ahead, but his face changed quickly and completely as his companion lifted his glass, admired the cold crystal clear beer against the light of the window, and with a twinkle in his eye, said "First today, here's pink woods in your eye."

For a fleeting moment it looked as though Wong had lost his desire for the cooling beverage in his hand but, taking a long drink, he slowly placed his glass on the bar. "John," he said, "you and I have been friends for a long time and I think you should have known that if there was one way to ruin my enjoyment of that drink it was to mention the diabolical subject of coloured woods."

"Oh, I don't know about that," replied Big John, "I hear that one of the local radio sports programmes is threatening to discuss it too."

"The top man of the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association talked about it on Rediffusion three or four weeks ago... in fact that was where I first heard about it... now every time I hear mention of coloured woods I hear red."

"...and a very distinctive colour too. Easy to see in a tightly packed head. But cool old man, I was hoping you'd put me in the picture about this commercialised 'softball' you were talking about the other day. Tell me, is it as sordid as it sounds...?"

OPEN SINGLES

During the week no fewer than 28 out of the 32 first round matches of the Colony Open Singles Championship were played off. Top individual honours went to KCC's Second Division League bowler H. Phoenix, who eliminated the 1953 Champion and last year's runner-up M. B. Hassan by 21-10.

Kahsa Nazarin, conqueror of the 1955 Champion, Eric Laidell, failed to reproduce the same form in his match against Talkoo's C. Melchman to whom he lost by 16-23.

Excellent form was shown by the three past champions, Connie Pereira, W. Hong Sling and Alfred Coates, during the week's Championship matches and the 1956 Singles Champion may probably be picked from among them.

Both Connie Pereira and Hong Sling won their games with plenty to spare, but Coates was extended to 21-18 by A. P. Pereira in what was probably the best match of the week.

The Colony Open Triples Championship begins its first round tomorrow with 10 matches on different greens. The best game of the afternoon will be that between the KBGC three of J. Tindall, Eric Laidell and Joe Eastman and the Revere three of J. A. Luz, F. G. Luz and A. A. Lopes. This will be played at KCC.

line as I have heard from anyone in a long time."

It was all too obvious that Big John had touched his companion on a raw spot and it looked as though he had killed John's insurance company would have been on the wrong end of a claim. The truth is that Wong was so annoyed at the situation that he missed his chance to reply before Big John was at it again.

"Surely you can see where such a plan would finish up," Wong would lose the dear old Santa, the Pandas, the Braves and all the other familiar outfielders that have been with us for years. And what would we get in their place? If all the big concerns took up the idea we might one day have the pleasure of seeing Dodwell's slugging it out against the Chinese Club or the Christy Club in the play-off series with Jardine's Jaguars, and we might even get to a pennant battle between the Post Pirates and the Mall Monarchs."

John stopped for breath and Mr Wong plucked into the fray with a speed and accuracy that would have brought a cheer of admiration at King's Park. "You are talking a load of tommy rot... spell R-U-B-B-I-S-H... and pronounced UTTER NONSENSE."

"In the last couple of years softball in Hongkong has been sliding and slipping. The standard of play has got steadily worse and worse, and with the same faces always around the crowd in the stand the game needs a good shot in the arm to liven it up... and it needs another one in the pocket to back it up."

"Even amateur sport is expensive to run these days and the truth is that the game here is really impoverished. If some of the more generous business houses are ready to come forward and let and equip teams that will play in their name I think they will be doing a great deal for the benefit of the sport."

"Their general interest will be just the shot in the arm that the softball association will be the shot in the pocket that is so vital to the welfare of sweat and sweat. Let me assure you that another season like the one just finished and softball can hang up the shutters for good and all."

Mr Wong was so engrossed in his argument that he hardly noticed Big John slip off the stool and make for the door. Almost at the last moment he realised that his companion was doing a runout on him but he just had time to drive home his final point.

Banging the counter with his fist he shouted, "...promise to come along with the new league starts and I'll ask the officials to play with coloured balls... and even coloured bats just to make you feel at home..."

The crash of the main door drowned Big John's reply.

Mr Wong chuckled as he looked at himself in the mirror behind the bar. He appeared to be satisfied with what he saw. "Boys!" he called, "such a success calls for nothing but the best... bring me a double scotch... and skip the soda..."

—B. E. JANT

WEEKS AHEAD

What a remarkable cricketer is Everton Weekes. When he is not acting as mainstay for the West Indies in Test Matches he is filling a similar role for Barbados in the Leeward Islands. So far this season he still has an average of over one hundred—108 to be exact for ten innings, four times "not out" and an aggregate of 400. He is also eighth in the bowling order of merit with 62 wickets to his credit at a cost of ten runs apiece.

STUMPED—BUT NOT OUT...

THE MOST AMAZING INCIDENT I HAVE EVER SEEN IN CRICKET

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The excitements of the Test match took publicity the other week from one of the most astonishing incidents I have ever seen in cricket. No, I am not referring to the hat trick of my Notts colleague Allan Walker achieved with the first three balls of the Leicestershire innings—although I had never seen that before either. The even more involved incident occurred when Allan Walker bowled the last ball of his third over.

It drew Maurice Hallam right forward, beat him, and flashed through to the wicketkeeper who was standing back. Seeing that he was out of his ground the wicketkeeper hurled the ball at the stumps, shattered them, and there was Hallam "stumped." The square leg umpire immediately gave him out and Hallam walked off.

But by this time Vic Jackson, the other Leicester batsman, was talking to the umpire at the bowler's end. In effect Vic was protesting "...but he can't be out because YOU called 'OVER' before that ball hit the wicket and the ball was therefore DEAD."

And that is what eventually held. Hallam, who had taken his pads off by this time, was recalled and Leicestershire skipper Charles Palmer who had come to the wicket had to go back and wait his turn all over again.

Technically there is no doubt about the issue. If the umpire at the bowler's end had called "OVER" the game was dead. And nobody can be put out then. But, ethically, I am still convinced that the batsman was fairly and squarely stumped and that he should have lost his wicket.

REAL SPIRIT

I suppose the whole issue comes down to a question of how quickly the bowling end umpire calls "OVER." The MCC urge them to keep up the pace of the game by not wasting time. But surely it should not come so quickly as this? In any case I am not sure that the real spirit of the game is served by a technically being allowed to over-rule a perfectly good piece of cricket.

But there we are. This astonishing game of ours is always providing us with new talking points and I think this one is about as remarkable as any I have ever seen.

But then what more remarkable than the Test? The Australians go in without a county win... having been licked by Surrey... and yet they call the game throughout the five days against England. How do you reckon it all up?

I tell you how I reckon it up... and I did this before this Test... I set it all down fairly and squarely to the genius of Keith Miller as bowler and to the known weaknesses in England's batting. The Aussie boys really got down to the business and, with Ken Mackay doing a splendid job, they were infinitely more solid than England.

For a number of years now Keith Miller has wanted to concentrate on his batting. He enjoys bowling more than playing away as a bowler. But the real genius of the man has always been in his bowling. Over short spells he has always been more dangerous even than Ray Lindwall. Ask Len Hutton, Cyril Washbrook, or any of the other great players who have had to face up to him.

And when Pat Crawford joined Lindwall and Davidson on the Aussie injured list and he had just to pitch in and bowl... "This is splendid," said the Aussie captain, "he just doesn't bowl fast. Speed is his greatest weapon. When he wants to let rip he is the fastest bowler in the world. But that would be both wearing and boring... just to bowl fast. And one thing Keith can't stand is boredom."

The result is that in whatever game he is playing, whether it is a club match or a Test match, he will boldly mix leg breaks, googlies, off breaks, a peculiar round arm flapper... anything he can think of... with the usual accuracy of a bowman and fast yorkers. Technically he should never get away with it. But, being Miller, he does.

STABILITY

So Miller the bowler was one reason for Australia's supremacy. The other two reasons were concerned with the batting of the two sides. The stubborn opening of McDonald and Burke was here supported by the middle stability of Ken Mackay. The latter came in for a deal of criticism for his slowness, but he did a fine job for Australia.

The other two reasons were concerned with the batting of the two sides. The stubborn opening of McDonald and Burke was here supported by the middle stability of Ken Mackay. The latter came in for a deal of criticism for his slowness, but he did a fine job for Australia.

It has been the lack of stability in the middle of the Australian side which has been the real cause of their downfall in recent seasons. Mackay, the awkward but ever watchful Queenslander, could very easily be the bulwark on which the Aussies could climb back.

As for England's batting... "OVER" these notes will well remember that I have never been very sure of the opening experiments and general batting power of the home side. I just don't think one can improve with openers and make batsmen play a game that is foreign to them just because they happen to be in a Test match.

I still say that the best opening batsman in the country is Reg Simpson, my own skipper at Nottingham. And that is not team prejudice. I say that because I have batted with him and can see the form he is in. There is nobody in the country who can play the moving ball so well. Now is it any good bringing up the argument that he has had his chances. I say that the whole set of circumstances have changed since Reg opened for England. He and Hutton were never com-

patibles in styles of temperament and now that Len has retired I think England would gain by re-trying him.

PROPER PLACE

I would still play Peter Richardson but would make him a proper place down the order. By doing this England could strengthen both the opening balance and the now wobbly middle of the side.

In the England bowling department I would still prefer Tony Lock... if it is of course to Johnny Wardle. Otherwise I wouldn't alter the England side very much. And I would say the odds will still be dead even when the two teams line up again at Leeds.

COACHING HINT:

Miller as a bowler is an object lesson to every bowler... if you don't get carried away with his genius and try as much as he does. But he uses the crease all the time. One ball he bowls against the stumps, the next from the extreme edge of the crease, the next mid-way. Always he is trying to vary the angle of the ball to the bat. If the wicket is good he will even go round the wicket and bowl as wide as possible to angle the ball again across the bat. He got Tom Graverty that way in this last Test. It is worth trying some time.

HIS FILM BIOGRAPHY CLAIMS

Rocky Graziano Grew Up On Cold Spaghetti, Soda Pop And Some Swift Pick-Ups

The boyhood of former Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano may prove his point in "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

His childhood dietary mainstays were cold spaghetti, soda pop and whatever fruit and salami he could swipe from grocers on New York's East Side. Graziano also survived violation of the most fundamental rules of physical safety.

Ernest Lehman, screen writer handling the script for MGM's filming of Graziano's autobiography, said he was amazed to learn how much Graziano went through.

"Just the food he ate is enough to startle you," Lehman said. "The idea of a balanced diet probably meant as much to him as the theory of relativity. The stuff he consumed barely supported life—and I'm sure it didn't encourage it."

Graziano, who was considered one of boxing's roughest and toughest champions, had a physical examination when he was 12 and was shown to be suffering from an incorrectly formed chest because of malnutrition.

ACCIDENTS

And there are other items Lehman discovered. For one thing, Graziano tried to jump from one tenement to another on a dare... A clothesline broke his six-story fall in another episode he ran through a plate glass window and received 67 stitches.

"And I might as well mention that he received a broken leg

when his bike took on a car and a concussion when a truck slipped him against a fire hydrant," Lehman said.

"This last made him totally deaf for several months. However, a playful blow to the eye cleared up this problem."

Lehman's only conclusion is the same one that has been reached by many persons before him—boys are indestructible.

"Personally, I hope lots of mothers see this film," he said. "I really think it will give them hope. They'll say, 'Look what this kid went through, and he's still around.'—United Press."

Two Batsmen In One

Frank Whitehead of Hollinwood (Lancs) Club is all for brighter cricket and more entertaining cricket too. Against Delph he notched one boundary with much "shorter" than the other, so he batted right handed one end and left handed the other. It paid dividends for he made top score and also the winning hit.

POP



Umpteenager



JOHN MACADAM'S ASCOT STORY

HOW MR SHEENAN WON A PACKET

Ascot's two and a half centuries of continued royal patronage constitute it not only Very Big Society. They constitute it Very Big Money indeed.

From that humble £50 Plate, for which the handful of hunting men competed back in 1711, the prize money has been swollen steadily until there will be something like £50,000 or £70,000 for the lucky lads, if you can refer to the aristocracy of racing in such a way.

Of that sum £40,000 is put up by the Ascot Authority. The rest is put up by the owners of the racehorses, which are again by way of being the aristocracy of their kind.

It is not possible to put a precise figure on racecourse attendance, as it is in cricket or soccer, but given good weather it is safe to say that the attendance for this Royal Ascot will top 100,000. Of these some 50,000 will be on the stands side, and anything up to another 50,000 across the course on the Heath.

Probably, for a lover of cloths and/or horseflesh, the Royal Enclosure at Ascot represents the best bargain in racing anywhere in the world today.

LUSCIOUS SWARD

The Gent., for his four-day tenure of the luscious sward, pays £10 and, for his Lady, £2. All hands pay a straight £2 a day for Tat's, the Grandstand, and Paddock (no sex allowance), and the Silver Ring costs 10s. a day. Out on the Heath some 30,000-40,000 racegoers pay, and thousands more just walk on.

Ascot then is a very big money proposition indeed, and all of it is ploughed back into the course by the Ascot Authority who, a content with their new mile, and their enlarged enclosures, are already talking blithely about lifts and escalators and who-knows-what besides.

OWN RESERVOIR

Incidentally, one unlikely commodity in which some of this revenue is invested is water. With their private reservoir out on the Heath now connected by pipeline and pump house with the lake at Sunninghill Park nearby they fear no drought.

It was towards the end of the recent long dry spell when I called, but the Authority's sprinklers were feeding the lawns.

A green and splendid sight, maybe as green and pleasant as the lovely colour of the money that will change hands when this wealthiest, richest of racing crowds starts betting.

The social atmosphere being what it is and a large proportion of the crowd being there for that pre-eminently, the emphasis at Ascot is on the horses rather than the bookmakers.

Women who know a lot about hats and frocks very often know precious little about betting and the happy jargon of the bookmakers who incline with their off-hand know-how to scare them out of their wits. Furthermore, with good prices ruling generally for very open races, the professional backers don't want to know much about it.

The bookmakers were caught with some heavy bets in 1939 when there was a general feeling of Indian game-up and the same applied in the immediate post-war years when the race was seen with the eye of a horseman.

But Royal Ascot is hardly the place for the spectator being a gambler, and if it is, why nobody wants to look too much about it. That, maybe, is the badge of the place for a Gent. has a sure bet about his friends, then the even money Gent. bookmakers are the last people to talk about such a thing.

Maybe the biggest post-war win against the book was in 1946 when Charlie Smurke, got the Bug safely home in one Workingman Sakes. The horse

was unfavourably drawn but, despite that unfortunate fact, owner Mr Wachman went exactly around the Ring, getting nearly and more money on according to the suitability of the price.

He made a spectacular kill. But apart from these two years—1939 and 1946—the individual—bet has tended to go down at Ascot from £10 to 10s. Nevertheless, the bookmaker, which commends the ladies, does a tremendous turnover in the course of the four days of the royal meeting.

In 1939 the Tote took nearly £105,000, which was a big jump from the £84,000-odd of 1936 and £97,000-odd of the following year.

Last year was a bad year, so far as Tote-betting trends went, for the whole meeting was postponed a month because of, first, the rail and then the newspaper hold-ups.

But the year 1954 gives some indication of the weight of money that was steadily plunged into the betting on the Royal Ascot horses.

The amount bet on the Tote last year (half of it largely off-course, with Tote investors) was £1,325,197, and this year it looks like topping even that.

After all, to the winning owner the Gold Cup is worth £11,375, and the Royal Hunt Cup £3,276. All the Ascot prizes are worth going all out for, and everybody knows this and bets freely accordingly.

IT CAME OFF!

But at all the money talk, I like about Ascot. I like best the story of a Mr Sheenan, of Wood Green, London, who set off to have a royal day's racing with £50 in his pocket. Mr S. betted 5s on the Tote treble and had a single bet on each race.

It went through the card to win—£200 and with the treble collected £3,307 17s. You see it isn't only the captains and the kings—even at Royal Ascot.

Another endearing picture I have is of the late Lord Howard de Walden as his Zinfandel won the Gold Cup. His lordship was sitting out behind the stand working on the score of an opera!

And if you want a final picture... there were hard-bitten racing men and women with nostalgic tears streaming down their faces as dear old Brown Jack won his last race and departed from Steve Donoghue for ever.

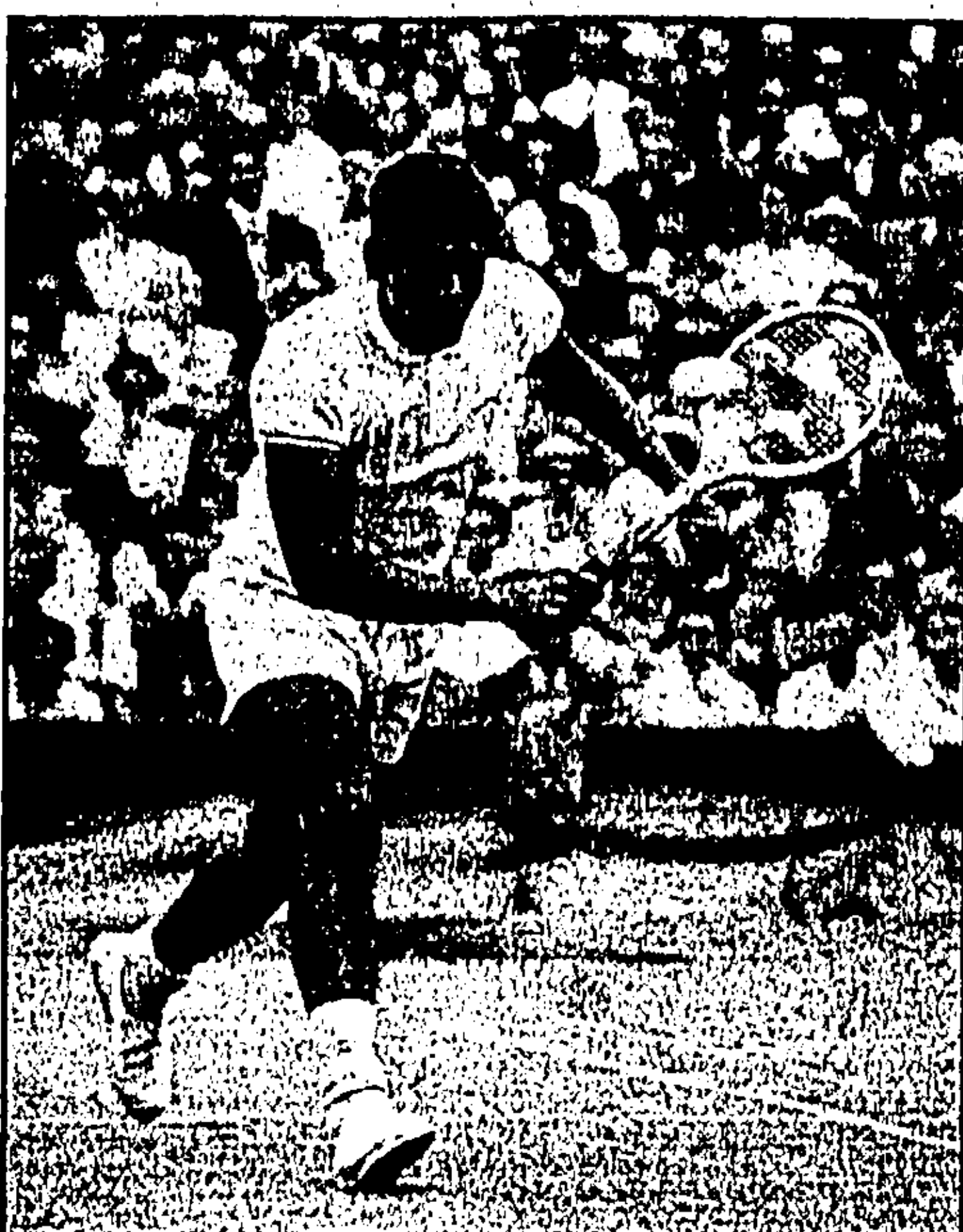
Next Article: The Parade of Fashion

Remarkable Feat

Six wickets without conceding a run! That is the remarkable feat achieved by a Turves Green Intermediate Schoolboy in the King's Norton (Birmingham) Schools League. And his name is Gerald Faultless. Faultless, indeed. His colleague, George Tongue, took the other four wickets for two runs and the opposition, Sturcheley, were all out for a total of three!

Indeed, Faultless's feat was equalled by Uriah Phillips, bowling for Fenner and Gill CC against Billesley in the Birmingham Parks League. He sent down seven overs, did not give away a run and claimed six victims! The other 7,500-odd Lira were paid by Second and Third Division Clubs and players, whose fines are smaller than those of their big brothers in the First Division.—China Mail Special.

INDIA'S SURPRISE PACKET



R. Krishnan of India shows the concentration which helped him beat former champion Jaroslav Drobny and spring the biggest surprise on the opening day of the Wimbledon Tennis Championships. Krishnan, playing in the first round of the Men's Singles on the Centre Court, beat Drobny 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-4.—Reuterphoto.

Ryder Cup Golf School

Christy O'Connor } The Long Irons
is the teacher } is the subject



My success secret...

By CHRISTY O'CONNOR

WHEN Dai Rees, our Ryder Cup captain, first spoke to me about this series, he said: "You tell them about the long irons, Christy. You are one of the masters of that part of the game."

Well, I suppose I do get good results with those long iron shots up to the flag that are so valuable on a big course. It set me thinking back to how I obtained command of those shots.

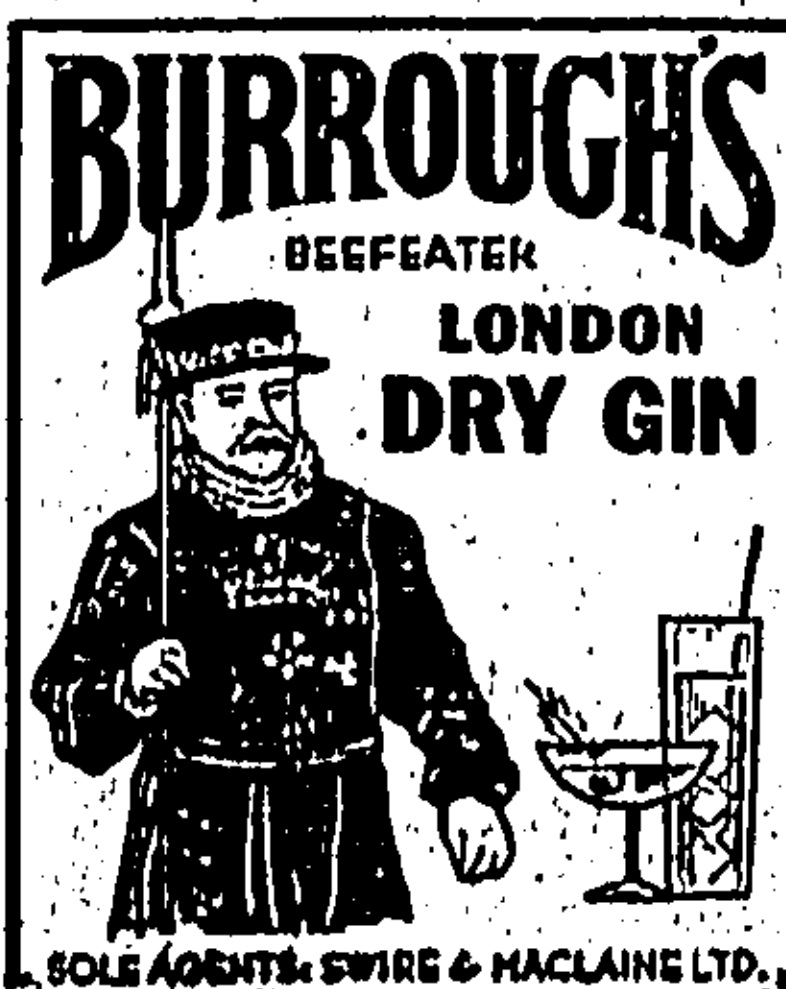
There is not much of a secret to it. To become a good iron player, my advice is to start on the lower clubs—say a No. 8 or 7 iron—and work up to the higher ones.

Anyway, that is how I have developed my iron play. Practice first with the short irons gave me my timing, which is all-important.

Grip-stance

Now for a few hints to brush up your No. 3 iron shot. First make sure of a good grip. Use the conventional overlapping grip. This gives control of the club without being tenacious.

See that your stance is neither too wide nor too narrow. Too wide will cause a tendency to sway. Too narrow will mean either sliding of the hips or falling on the ball. My stance is approximately the



MY NERVES WENT TO PIECES ON CENTRE COURT

Beaten Drobny: I May Quit Wimbledon

By JOHN ELLISON

Jaroslav Drobny, non-hearted Tennis Singles Champion of 1954, said after his surprise defeat at Wimbledon the other day by 19-year-old Indian student, Ramanathan Krishnan, "I may never play at Wimbledon again."

"The Old Fox," now 34, was outmatched and outpointed, 6-1, 4-6, 6-1, 6-1, in a first-round tie.

From the Centre Court, a harassed "Drob" slipped away to watch an away-from-the-crowds game on Court 14.

He told me: "I do not feel I can enter for Wimbledon next year. I do not want to go through an experience like this again."

"If only I could play my first round here"—he indicated John Palm and A. T. Mills playing before 20 spectators on the outer court—"I should be happy. I love Wimbledon."

"I am making no excuses. I simply played badly. But to play the first match on that Centre Court with thousands of people watching you and all of them saying, 'Here is old Drob, he's sure to win,' and everybody expecting you to be a finalist... oh, mentally, that is too much for me."

"That was my trouble on that day. My nerves were in pieces. Not once could I let myself go and make a return to any shot."

"Physically I am fine—I could play that match again. But mentally I think I do not want to go through all this next year. It is too soon to make a definite decision, but it means being seeded and starting on the

Centre Court I shall not play at Wimbledon next summer."

Drobny's wife, Rita, who watched his defeat, said: "It makes me mad when people say he's too old. Physically he has never been in better shape. His trouble is mental—and it is agony for me to watch him go down like that."

Krishnan, a student from Madras, said: "When I went on the court I knew Drobny was the better player. But I was determined and he didn't play well. But he is a great sport."

UMPIRE SCENE

Kurt Nielsen, 26-year-old Danish engineering student and twice a Wimbledon finalist—once last year—strode off No. 2 Court a beaten and very angry man.

His moustache bristled with indignation, after losing against Luis Ayala 5-7, 6-4, 6-4, 5-7, 6-4.

Later, with umpire Mr Peter Hume, of Brighton, Kurt saw the referee, Colonel John Legg. The three talked for 15 minutes.

Nielsen was shown the rules of tennis. Then he called a Press conference.

He said: "I shall not lodge an official objection. I don't like going things that way."

KEPT HIS TEMPER

"I was afraid of losing my temper but I kept it with diffi-

culty, and that affected my play."

He made these objections: 1. "Six times we changed balls. On four occasions we changed at the wrong time."

2. "In the second set I was about to serve a second ball a lady in the stands shouted an ace."

3. "I was wrongly foot-faulted in the fifth set when I served an ace."

4. "In the last set we ran out of balls. It was the last straw."

HEARD NO YELL

Nielsen said: "There were other examples of bad linesmanship. Ayala scored off a serve that was so far out that I could not believe my ears."

Mr Bramley said later: "I have umpired 200 matches in about a year and have been umpiring at Wimbledon for ten years on and off. I have never had a decision queried in this way."

"I certainly did not hear any yell from anyone in the crowd. I thought Nielsen's foot slipped."

"He was right about the balls. At the time I thought he was wrong, but I discovered later that we did not change at the right time."

Rowdy Fans And Rough Play Cost Italian Soccer Clubs Huge Fines

Rome.

The ardour of Italian soccer fans and the roughness of play on the field cost Italian football clubs and professional players 15,000,000 Lira (£8,625 sterling) in fines in the 1955-56 season, which has just ended.

First Division clubs had to pay fines totalling 5,320,000 Lira (£2,959 sterling). 1,900,000 Lira (£1,056 sterling) more than in the 1954-55 season—because their fans were too rowdy.

Under Italian Football League rules, if the fans yell, the players or try to lynch the referee, the home team is heavily fined. These fines were increased last

season that was the reason for the extra million paid by clubs. The Lira today showed no appreciable change from previous seasons.

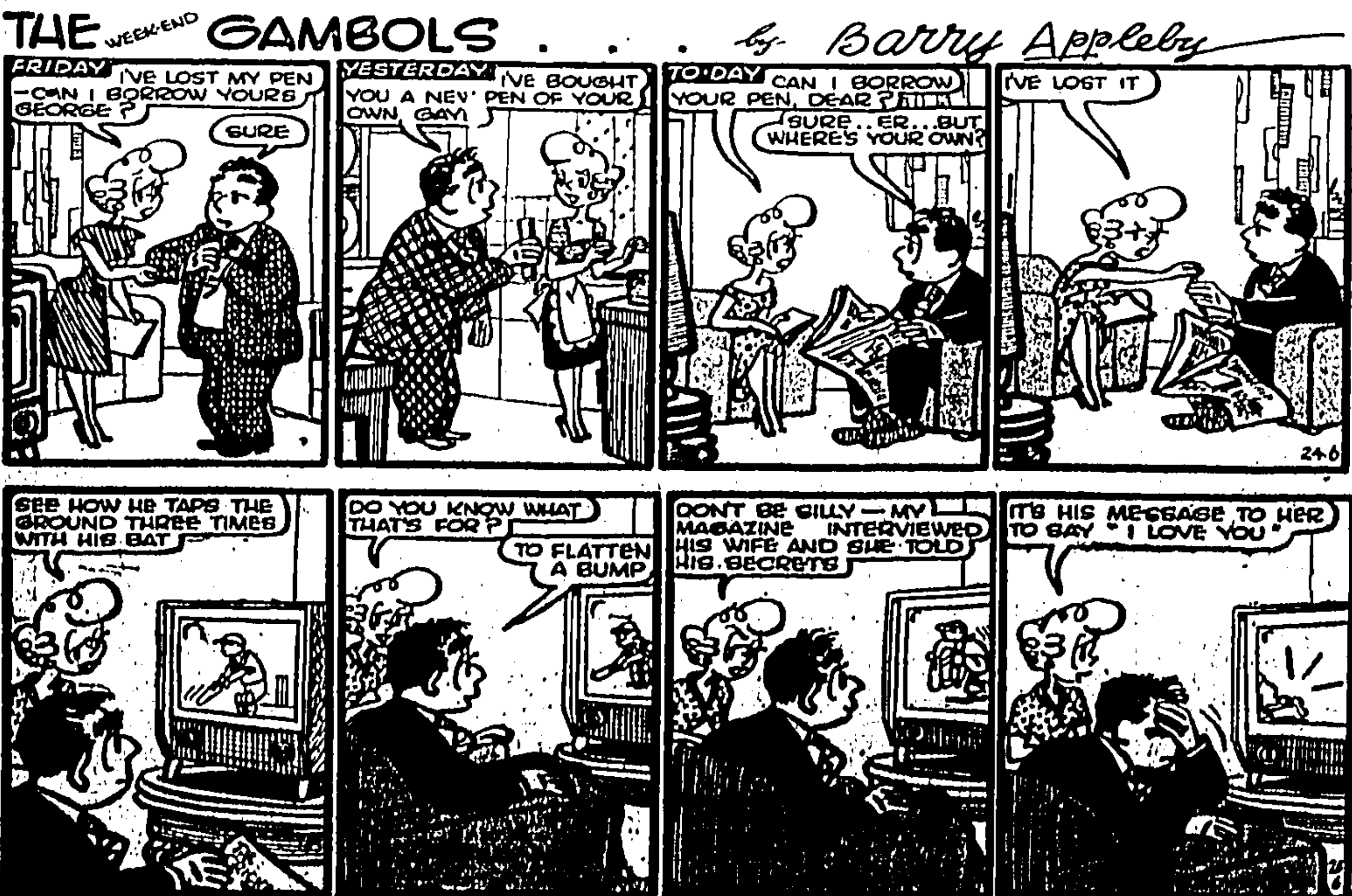
INDISCIPLINE

Napoli Football Club paid the heaviest fines (a total of 500,000 Lira (£289 sterling)) and its ground was banned for a month (four games) because of the clipping of its fans.

Twice during the season, the fans started riots in Naples stadium and the police had to use revolvers and tear-gas to clear the stands.

Italian First Division players paid a total of 2,044,000 Lira (£1,175 sterling) for being rough on the field or shouting at the referee.

The other 7,500-odd Lira were paid by Second and Third Division Clubs and players, whose fines are smaller than those of their big brothers in the First Division.—China Mail Special.



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CHINA MAIL

SHEAFFER'S
ADMIRAL "SNORKEL" PEN

Page 20 SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1956.

Run-Getting Spree At Taunton

Taunton, July 6.
Set to make 302 runs to win just under three hours, Somerset failed by 68 runs in a bold attempt to beat the Australian cricketers here today.

The match was drawn with five Somerset wickets still standing.

Final scores were:
Australians 340 for five declared and 236 for one declared.
Somerset 275 and 234 for five.

Batmen on both sides provided grand entertainment in a run-getting spree. In the first 20 minutes play today 449 runs were scored while only five wickets fell.

FIFTH AUSSIE

Before lunch the Australians, with Jim Burke and Ian Craig each hitting centuries in an unbroken stand of 232, added 215 in 180 minutes before declaring.

Then another Australian, Colin McCool, playing for the county, hit a dazzling 110 in 95 minutes (four sixes and 14 fours) in the victory bid.

Burke, who followed his first innings of 138 with 125 not out today because the fifth Australian to score two separate hundreds in a match in England. This feat was last accomplished in England in 1930 by Alan Kippax. Burke hit one six and 18 fours.

Craig scored his first century in England, 100 not out, hitting 18 fours.

Burke cast aside his stubborn mood of Wednesday when he spent five hours; 21 minutes over 138. Today he raced to 100 in two and a half hours, never offering a chance. His driving was exceptionally clean and powerful.

Craig showed he has settled down to English conditions. The gifted 21-year-old batsman produced a flow of beautiful strokes. His second wicket stand with Burke yielded 230 in three hours.

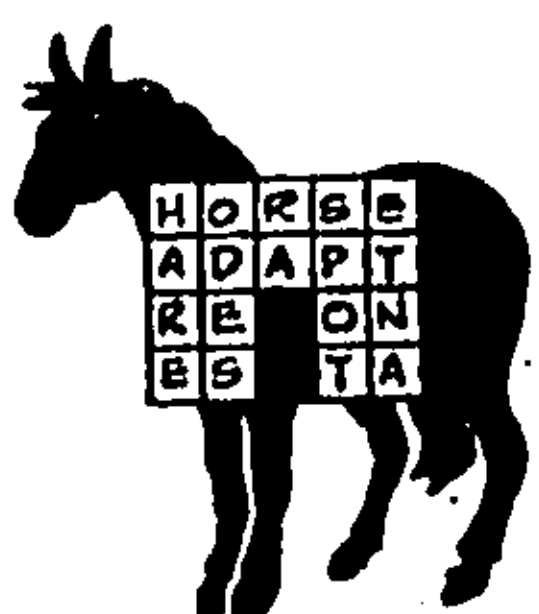
BOWLING PULVERISED

McCool followed his 80 of Thursday by pulverising the slow bowling of Johnson and Wilson, who took 28 off two consecutive overs from Johnson, who altogether conceded 42 runs in three overs.

After being badly missed when 59, McCool completed his hundred in 93 minutes. Hitting three sixes and 12 fours. He claimed 118 out of 107 before being stumped. —Reuter.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:



TRIANGLE:

A
SD
TOO
SAY
ADORE

DE-TAIL. WORDS: Caret, care, cat, ca.

WACKY COMPASS: If you want a thing done, do it yourself.

FINISH THEM: Black as COAL; Dry as a DUNE; Brave as a LION; Good as GOLD; Busy as a BEE; Neat as a PIN.

DO YOU KNOW BIRDS?

1. Bluebird.
2. Brown Thrasher.
3. Cardinal.
4. Robin.
5. Humming Bird.
6. Wren.
7. Flicker.
8. Chickadee.
9. Oriole.
10. Purple Martin.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

SEVENTH Heaven. Leaven. Leave. French Widow. Grass Snake. Serpent. Repent. Recent. Coney. Nerve. Nerve. Nerve. Nerve. Buy. Guy. Rope. Rose. Dog. Watch. Rob. Chest. Teach. Peach. Meats. Elms. Fine. Olympic. Adams. Hagan. Fagan. Fagan. Master. Task. Mask. Iron. Duke. Luke. Warm. Wasp. Wasp. Trip. Part. Part. Part. Part. Part.

Solutions to Over 75,000.

1. Sentences: 2. A. King. 3. R. King. 4. R. King. 5. R. King. 6. R. King. 7. R. King. 8. R. King. 9. R. King. 10. R. King. 11. R. King. 12. R. King. 13. R. King. 14. R. King. 15. R. King. 16. R. King. 17. R. King. 18. R. King. 19. R. King. 20. R. King. 21. R. King. 22. R. King. 23. R. King. 24. R. King. 25. R. King. 26. R. King. 27. R. King. 28. R. King. 29. R. King. 30. R. King. 31. R. King. 32. R. King. 33. R. King. 34. R. King. 35. R. King. 36. R. King. 37. R. King. 38. R. King. 39. R. King. 40. R. King. 41. R. King. 42. R. King. 43. R. King. 44. R. King. 45. R. King. 46. R. King. 47. R. King. 48. R. King. 49. R. King. 50. R. King. 51. R. King. 52. R. King. 53. R. King. 54. R. King. 55. R. King. 56. R. King. 57. R. King. 58. R. King. 59. R. King. 60. R. King. 61. R. King. 62. R. King. 63. R. King. 64. R. King. 65. R. King. 66. R. King. 67. R. King. 68. R. King. 69. R. King. 70. R. King. 71. R. King. 72. R. King. 73. R. King. 74. R. King. 75. R. King. 76. R. King. 77. R. King. 78. 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